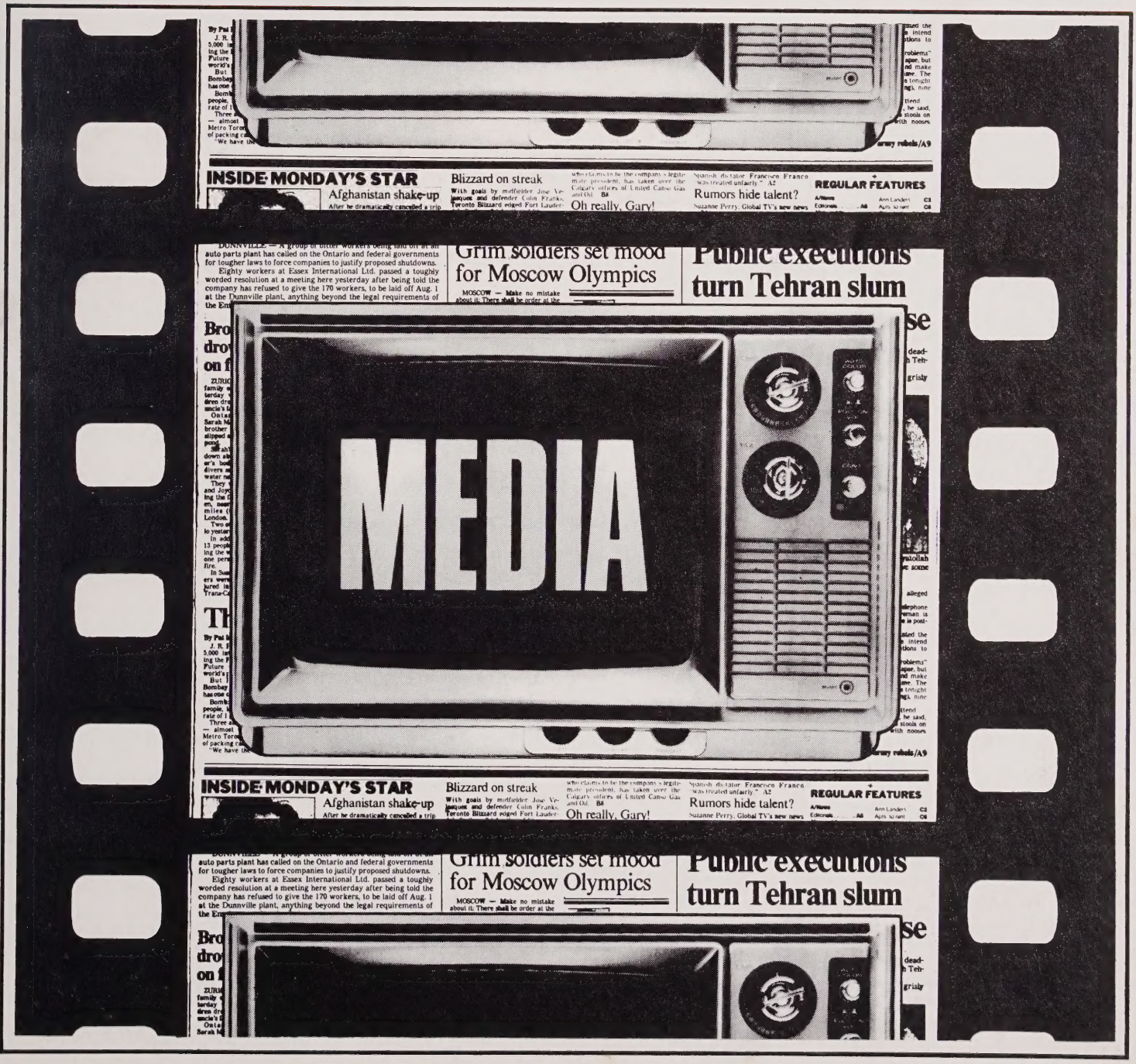
VOL. 3 NO. 1 1980 $1.25

MEDIA

THE ASIANADIAN

AN ASIAN CANADIAN MAGAZINE



dear readers

No amount of Globe and Mail accolades for us can stop rising printing and distribution costs!

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The Asianadian

DICK BEDDOES

Dubious Award starts season

DECEMBER IS the time for summing up, for inventory, recapitulation and review. Memory is frisked, votes cast and counted, titles conferred — man-of-the-year, highlight-of-the-year, train-wreck-of-the-year, cop-of-the-year, flop-of-the-year, and so yawn.

At hand is the first selection received for 1979, the Dubious Award, presented by the lively Asianadian, an Asian Canadian magazine published in Toronto.

Editor Cheuk C. Kwan writes, "Our Dubious Award is given to 'outstanding' stereotyping and distortions on Asians by individuals and the mass media. Past receipients include the Toronto Star, Calgary Herald and the Takee-Outee Restaurant in Hamilton.

"Now our Dubious Award goes to Gordon Sinclair, Toronto's boat people critic."

Sinc's citation reads, in part, "...Sinclair decide...

Quote of the day

"If the Vietnamese survived monsoons, napalm bombs and pirates in the South China Sea, they will be just fine this winter in Saskatoon . . ." — **Cheuk Kwan**, editor of Asianadian magazine. Page 8.

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The Asianadian: An Asian Canadian Magazine is published quarterly by the Asianadian Resource Workshop, P.O. Box 1256, Station "Q", Toronto, Ontario M4T 2P4, Canada.

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ISSN# 0705-8861. Second Class Mail Registration Number 4438, Toronto, Canada. The Workshop is registered as a non-profit organization. All donations, tax-deductible. Printed by Muskox Press and Weller Publishing. Finan-

The Asianadian is managed by a Board of Editors. Production this issue: Editors - Richard Fung, Aminur Rahim, and Barbara Yip. Kathy Adachi, Stephanie Holbik, Cheuk Kwan, Cathy Lai, Tim McCaskell, Mohinder Singh, Bobby Siu, Momoye Sugiman, Nancy Tong, Lise Waxer, and Diane Yip. Cover design by Wayne Lum.

Editorial

Most of us rely on some form of mass communication for our information about the world. With a sophisticated system of satellites and telephone lines reports of events can be transmitted to every part of the globe in a matter of seconds. Most Canadians look upon this "news" as a kind of mirror on the world. The media gives us facts about ourselves, our neighbors, or people thousands of miles away. Indeed this system is set up as if to do this. But somewhere between an actual event or situation and the radio, TV, or newspaper item that describes it lies interpretation, at worst, distortion.

Most recently, the airing of CTV's "Campus Giveaway" has forced many Asian Canadians to see cracks in the objectivity of this media mirror. Through these cracks we see a political tool that can be used against us, a tool that is more dangerous precisely because of its apparent objectivity.

Once we unmask the notion of passivity in the media, we can question much that was formerly taken for granted.

Let's take the coverage of China as an example. Most often what we receive are reports of seemingly illogical government pronouncements. Then we are presented with masses of Chinese people acting on these orders. We never see, or hear in depth interviews with these people to see why they support the government, or what they think. Indeed we are told nothing of the political debate within the party that led to the apparently "monolithic" decisions.

Similarly in India we hear only of Ms Gandhi, birth control, natural disasters or bus plunges, as if Indians do nothing but copulate, vote and die. In these accounts solutions to "Indian problems" appear either as impossible or so simple that Indians seem "stupid" for not having solved them. Either impression is false and paves the way for racism.

This is not to suggest that all distortion results from conspiracy. Most news-stories are produced and condensed at the last minute with consideration only for space and time. Also, many media offices can afford to have only one correspondent in all of Asia or Africa so that first hand accounts are out of the question.

The consistency of ideology is maintained through the hiring process. Editors re-hire those who write what they like (what sells). The editors themselves keep their jobs through a loyalty to their respective boards of directors. (For those who want to know these directors, see Krisantha Sri Bhaggiyadatta's "Curried History".)

There is yet another type of misrepresentation in the media. The Canadian government tells us that our country is "multicultural". How many Asian personalities can you think of on radio, TV, or in the papers? I can think of five. If you answer that Asians aren't interested in media careers, take a look at MTV's job applications.

The fact of the matter is that though "multiculturalism" sounds liberal and even progressive, in practice it divides the population into pure Canadians and hyphenated Canadians. The former being Anglo-Saxons and the latter, French-, Filipino-, Greek-, or even Native-.

When this unequal scheme is translated to television "Canadians" get CBC and CTV nationally and City and Global plus American channels in Toronto. French Canadians get Radio Canada nationally. And all others (so-called ethnics) get MTV in Toronto and a half hour on community channels if they're lucky. The same holds true for radio and the press.

It is becoming clear to us that news is controlled by a small minority. This is obviously not the Chinese minority, the gay minority, or the black minority. It is that tiny core that also controls Canada's government, educational institutions and its multinational corporations. We must work toward control of the media by the real majority. We must support our own budding press as a first step in this struggle.

Richard Fung

P.S. - WHERE ARE YOU ?
Many copies of *The Asianadian* have been returned to us because we have outdated addresses. Please let us know when you move so you don't miss any of our issues.

Save!

The cost of printing materials is rising daily. To avoid raising the price of *The Asianadian* we are going to newsprint. This way we save you money while continuing to give you our full 32 pages of Asianadiana.

TV DINNER IN 24 LANGUAGES

by RICHARD FUNG

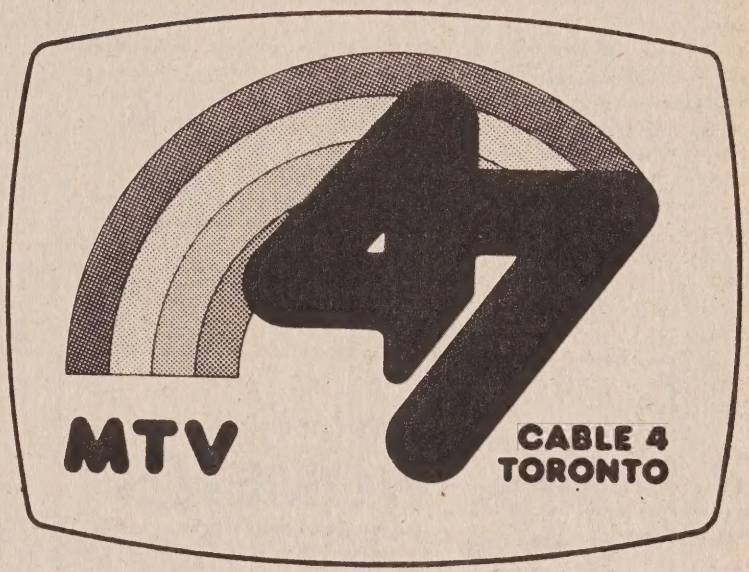
Whenever one of my housemates is station hopping on the converter I can always pinpoint Channel 47. It's not because the language spoken isn't French or English since we usually do this with the sound off. No, I identify the station by those cinemascope productions shown without the corrective lens --- yielding aliens which resemble well known movie stars grown unhealthily thin. Other signs include movies in shades of washed sepia and magenta, or badly-lit studio interviews against backdrops of travel agent posters.

But Channel 47, Multilingual Television (MTV) is not just any Canadian station. Producing programs in 24 languages, it is one of the most significant creatures of the era of Multiculturalism in Canada, an era whose other achievement has been to alter the meaning of the word 'ethnic' to exclude Anglo-Saxons.

In much-publicized contrast to the 'melting-pot' philosophy of the United States, the Canadian government through 'Multiculturalism' encourages each ethnic group to preserve its own traditions in food, clothes and, one suspects, occupations and social status. It facilitates this mainly by allowing grants for 'ethnic' folk dancing festivals and the like. When presented in the right manner this policy might appear even progressive, but so do Bantustans when described as 'Separate Development' by white South Africans. In fact, the effect of Multiculturalism is to place each minority into neat, easily manageable cages --- and you know who's running the zoo.

Except for one French station, all the other channels on my thirty-channel converter are in English, aimed at an Anglo-Saxon audience. The faces on these channels with the exception of the odd Sanford and Son or Adrienne Clarkson are all white.

Many ethnic minority Canadians look toward MTV for employment as hosts, producers or technicians. It is already a job ghetto. Like its programming policy squeezing twenty-four languages into one channel, MTV jams many ethnic groups into its small staff. In the multimillion dollar world of television this is the tiniest of crumbs to Canada's minorities. But it is one that will nevertheless be used to justify keeping mainstream television white and English, in front and behind the cameras. Even the community stations have been heard to respond:



"Greek ? I'm afraid MTV is already doing programming for you." This reply reflects the fact that most people see minority groups as being internally homogeneous. Stressing the ethnic factor downgrades class difference.

The majority of immigrants whose first language is other than French or English are workers -- often in low paying jobs. Besides concerns of employment or unemployment their most pressing considerations include things like orientation to public services, immigration policy for sponsoring relatives and racism. Presumably, they are the most likely viewership for Multilingual television. But instead of focusing on these very real issues, 47 intoxicates its transmissions with nostalgia for homelands that exist only in tourist brochures. It doesn't work because most of us know that we came HERE looking for a better life.

It is true that MTV's lack of funds precludes the production of costly documentaries. But constraints of money alone do not force the type of programming seen on channel 47 --- well-dressed heads and torsos shimmering against chroma-keyed backgrounds of foreign cities. Neither is this blandness the responsibilities of the overworked and underpaid staff.

Multilingual Television is a business venture run for profit. It seeks to produce what sells but it doesn't sell to a subscriber. It attempts to make its money like most broadcast TV stations --- by selling advertising space. At present, much of 47's commercials come from the same car salesrooms and stereo manufacturers that buy time on mainstream anglophone stations. But MTV is also prying open the unexplored treasure-box of Metro Toronto's non-anglo small businesses, a group previously unable to afford TV commercials. Unlike large corporations whose P.R. departments might be quite distanced from the executive offices, the small restaurant owner or shopkeeper will directly decide whether he or she will support a programme aimed at his or her particular ethnic group. In order not to alienate potential sponsors, producers and hosts will ensure that shows are not controversial. If they don't, they will soon find themselves on the job market.

What's left is a medium that portrays a hybrid world as distinct from the real world. A no-risk environment where violence, sex, bodily functions and what is deemed 'politically subversive' (the real world) have been eliminated.

The discrepancy between TV characters and real people is one we have come to expect on network Television in Canada. Despite the lack of polish this gap is the common denominator of most Third World Television as well. Programming in Turkey, Trinidad or on Toronto's MTV have a uniformity that derives from similar economic and political constraints, and from the fact that TV personnel everywhere take their cue from the large production centres. In all these situations, Television, more through the process of production than direct censorship, shows us the hybrid as the real world. We see our society through the distorting circus mirror of the ruling class : All the Blacks, Italians and Philippinos on MTV are well-fed and well-groomed. Here there are no Chinese garment workers, Native car-wash attendants, Portugese cleaners or West Indian domestics. And most of all, there is no political anger.

In North America, television educates us to be passive and invites us to 'celebrate' our 'good' fortune at being so luxuriously duped. Canadians who speak neither French nor English have so far been denied this form of social control through television. Multilingual TV remedies this 'neglect'.

Reprinted from FUSE, vol. 4, no.4 (May 1980), pp. 188 & 191.

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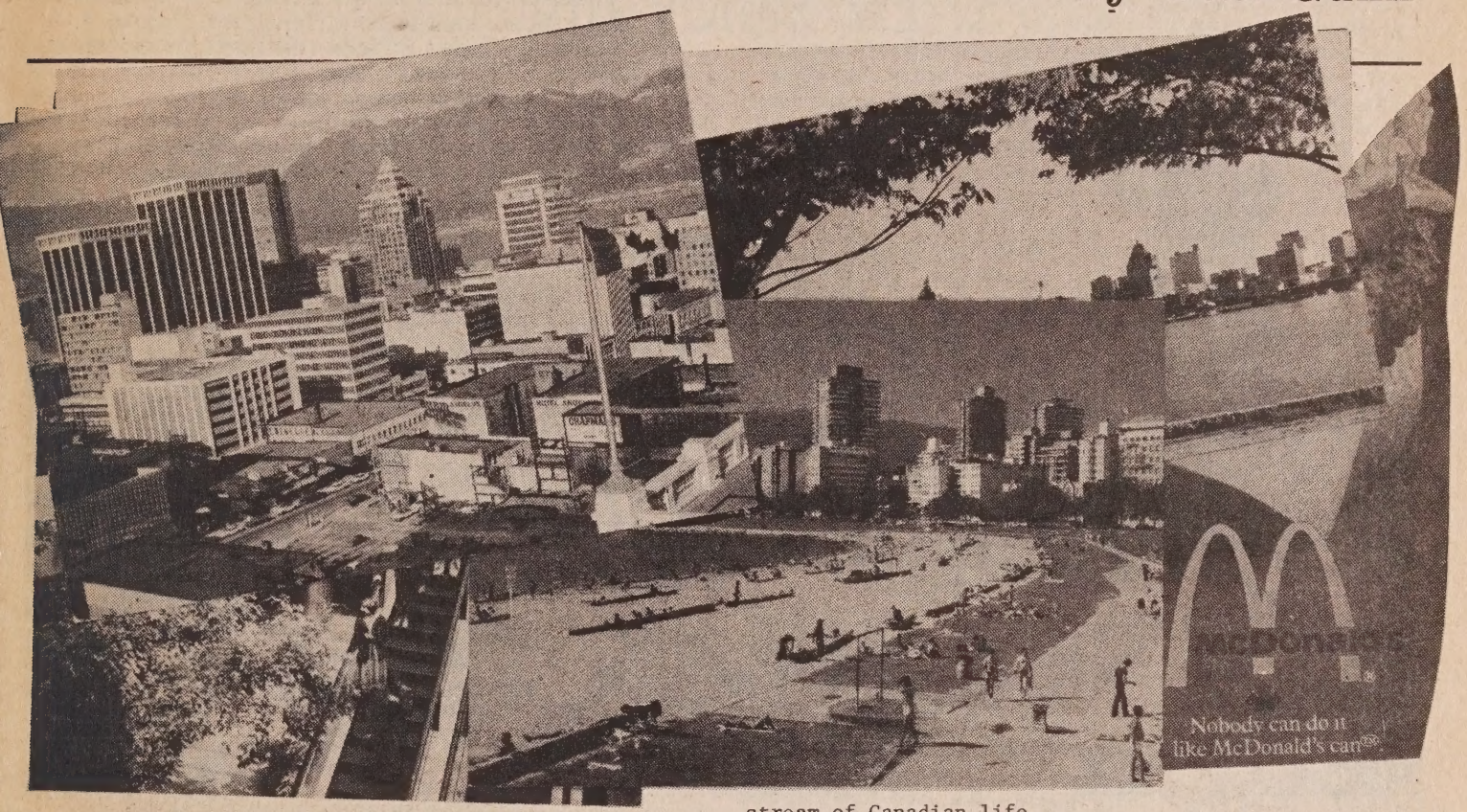
LOFAWN TOWN

by Sean Gunn



The following is reprinted from Gum San Po, *Vol. 2, no. 1, published in February 1974. The article was a response to articles about Vancouver's Chinatown which appeared in the November 1973 issue of* MacLean's Leisure Magazine, *the Sept-Oct 1973 issue of* B.C. Motorist *and doubtless many other stereotypical and patronizing articles on North America's Chinatowns.* Lofawn *is a slightly derogatory Chinese word for "whites". The article is as relevant today about how the mass media "interprets" Chinatown as it was six years ago.*

"East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet."

Vancouver's Lofawntown, with a population of over 500,000 is the third largest Lofawn community in Canada. The Lofawn came over to British Columbia in the 1850s searching for gold, and since the liberalization of the immigration laws, vast hordes of them have come over to permanently settle.

On October 5, 1867, John Doe became the first Lofawn ever to be officially hanged in B.C. Since then, Lofawns have made great inroads into becoming assimilated into the economic and bi-cultural mainstream of Canadian life.

Today, one can walk down Granville Street and step right into the Occident. There are many highly informative guided tours of Lofawntown, and our guide, Joe Blow, a draft dodger from Beverly Hills, was especially helpful in showing us the many fascinating sights and scenes.

Along the sidewalks, crowded by scores of bustling, inscrutable Occidental bargain hunters, we visited many curio shops offering such exotic items as cordless vibrators and canned B.C. air. Enticing, pungent aromas titilated the palate onward towards colourful restaurants, serving up many exotic delicacies of Occidental cuisine, such as cheeseburger, corn beef on rye without mustard, and the proverbial pie a la mode.

These tantalizing, exotic, epicurean delights are served piping hot or freezing cold by exotic, oval-eyed, inscrutable Occidental beauties, along with the traditional, exotic, steaming, hot cup of coffee.

However, one should be careful not to ask what is in these dishes, until one is at least finished dining, as they often contain exotic, inscrutable, synthetic ingredients. Also, one should take care to eat an extra generous portion, to avoid getting hungry an hour later.

Joe pointed out that these weren't really au-

cont'd on page 32

BEHIND GOLDEN MOUNTAIN : A FILM DIARY

by Nancy Ing

Photographs by Terence Macartney-Filgate.

My first recollection of hearing any kind of history of the Chinese in Canada came from my father as he would sit reflecting over his past in his favourite chair. I remember listening intently as he told me, "I thought we would go work in a gold mountain and pick up gold. Didn't know who it belonged to, but it was a job. Anyway, that's what I thought. Nobody told me I had to work in a restaurant or laundry first."

Since then, I have listened to may "fathers and mothers" who came to Canada in search of wealth and better living. I have shared the personal experiences of some five hundred people across the country who well remember what it was like in the early days. Their stories are to be the substance of a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation ninety-minute television special on the history of the Chinese in Canada, tentatively titled "Golden Mountain".

I worked as a researcher with producer/director of the film, Terence Macartney-Filgate. My job was to investigate, locate and question Chinese across the country in order to fit the pieces together. I made three trips across Canada, during which I gained an awesome picture of the hardships and ordeals that the Chinese underwent with courage and determination.

As a racial group, the Chinese have encountered little known but unbelievable opposition to their settlement in this country. As a researcher, I read of the infamous head taxes, the Vancouver Riot of 1907 and the Asiatic Exclusion League, the Chinese Immigration Act of 1923 and other legislation that was passed to purposely keep the Chinese from permanent settlement in Canada. These facts were not to be found in most ordinary classroom texts. It is the glaring omission of our people that naturally t left me with the question: "How many Canadians, how many Chinese Canadians then know of this traumatic yet rich history?"

Before my research travels began in May 1979, I was warned repeatedly that the Chinese might be reluctant to reveal their story. Due to the pressures of unfair discriminatory laws in the past, the Chinese had to maintained a low profile to avoid further harrassment. Being a Canadian-born Chinese with a command of the Sze Yup dialect gave me an advantage as a researcher for this film. Still, I can now confess to my initial hesitancy in establishing my preliminary contacts to reach the Chinese community.

I searched through numerous books, magazines and newspapers to extract the names, places and events to lead me to my sources. Having done that, I indulged in my first investment-- a set of telephone directories for the major Chinese community centres across

Canada. Through trial and error, the directories provided me with many addresses of the descendants of the original pioneers. They enabled me to contact the major Chinese Benevolent Associations, clan and political cliques of the larger cities. After mailing all my letters and amassing an incredible phone bill, I had established contacts in Victoria, Vancouver, Kamloops, Lethbridge, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Halifax. The initial oral research, including travel, transcription of tapes and written paper were completed in a harrowing and intense nine weeks.

I started researching the history of the Chinese in Canada where the history began, on the West Coast. One only has to walk through the old Chinatowns to sense the deeply rooted traditions and culture embedded in the surroundings. As I approached each community, I was overwhelmed by the enthusiastic response to such a film being made. I found myself unable to refuse interviews as late as one o'clock in the morning for fear of missing out on a good story. Everyone had an experience to tell, a role to play and with each contact, new contacts branched out quickly. I met such interesting persons as Levina Cheng, a Canadian-born Chinese woman who was given her teaching certificate at her graduation on condition she would not teach, because she was Chinese; Douglas Jung, first Chinese elected into Parliament in 1957; Charlie Poy, a dedicated man who helped sell five million dollars worth of war relief bonds during World War Two; and as many rowdy but wonderful war veterans that the Ho Ho Restaurant could accomodate. They reminded me of how these brave men fought in the second World War to help obtain the vote for the Chinese in Canada. I spoke with old people who had worked in the salmon canneries of Nanaimo, the coal mines of Cumberland, the lumber yards of Golden and the market gardens of Vancouver. Second generation Chinese Canadians were able to share their photographs and pass on their memories of fathers who toiled during the construction of the railway or panned for the riches of gold. I was forever moved and amazed at the lack of bitterness in the voices of these early heroes.

One of the major rewards of researching is coming across that extra special person with a story seldom told. I distinctly remember one Sunday afternoon at the Villa Cathay Senior Citizens Home in Vancouver. I had coaxed a friend, Victor Ho, to accompany me on my afternoon interviews. Between the two of us, we could manage four dialects. In a strange setup, the nurses had arranged a sitting room for us in which the elders were lined up outside the entrance to come in one at a time to share his or her life experience. By the fourth interview, my voice was becoming parched so I persuaded Victor to speak to the next person. In shuffled an elderly hunched over Chinese woman who moved along with the aid of a cane. She insisted, "I don't remember much. I don't think I have much to say but I will tell you what I remember." While I sorted out my other tapes, Victor started the interview in the opposite corner of the room. Suddenly, he jumped up on the coffee table in a fit of excitement. What the old woman did remember was being kidnapped at the age of twelve in Macao and being whisked away into the night on a sanpan to be sold at a slave market in Hong Kong. Everything else in her life she remembers only as a blur, but that particular night is amazingly vivid in her mind.

As I headed eastwards, the stories began to overlap themselves to reinforce many ideas or to break old mythis. It was not uncommon to listen to the Prairie man tell of how he picked up his belongings many times in order to take a chance at establishing a better business. Often, "better business" meant operating establishments that performed menial but much needed services for both predominantly male labour camps and white Canadian families who found it difficult to import cheap, domestic European service. To attract a white clientele, these Chinese-owned small laundries and cafes acquired English names.

Women who stepped forward to speak of their lifestyles shared many personal thoughts and experiences with me. Mrs. Eng Wing of Kamloops spoke of the harsh realities all women immigrants experienced in the bleakness and vastness of early Canadian settlement. Mary Ling of Halifax explained what it was like to grow up in the Maritimes during the Depression days in an environment where other Chinese girls were few and far between. Another of my favourites was given by Diane Lee of Toronto who was the first post-war mail order bride to Canada. Diane, a survivor in the truest meaning of the word, gave the hard and traumatic facts of her experience as a young fifteen year old bride being sent not only to a foreign land, but to an unknown husband. I admire her courage and brashness to appear in the film, speaking out strongly on the Chinese concept of love and marriage.

"What does it mean to be Chinese in a Canadian society? How does one feel about the past when he or she sees an old Chinese man walking through the streets of Chinatown? What does Chinatown represent for you?" These are just some of the questions I

asked of modern day Chinese Canadians to try and link the past with the present. The oral research revealed many interesting things. Most importantly, they provided more personal insight towards preparation for the actual shooting.

We found few photographs outside of limited archival material that documented the pre-turn of the century days. Thus, major highlights of the film will be recreated drama scenes shot in Hope, Yale, Barkerville, Lethbridge, Vancouver and Victoria and Toronto. These scenes involving local Chinese participants from each of the major locales will depict the days of gold mining, the hardships and dangers in the building of the railway, the anger of anti-oriental sentiment and the humiliation of immigration processing.

The drama scenes do more than recreate an event, they recreate emotions. I remember watching a scene shot at Pioneer Village in Toronto in which an elderly man, Mr. Deep Quong, posed as a laundryman. A grey queue was woven into his aging hair. His dress was a very traditional garb of mandarin jacket, overcoat, pants and slippers. As he worked his way down the path overburdened with a basket of dirty laundry, three small, white children were sent upon him to taunt him with chants.

"Ching, Chang Chinaman
Chop chop queue."

The children were just at that age to not know the seriousness of their words. They took delight and venom in taunting the old man, tugging at his queue and pushing him about. Mr. Quong made his way along the path when suddenly in a burst of emotion he cried out, "Shut up! Why don't you leave me alone? Go away!" Tears came to my eyes and I could not stay and watch the rest of the takes. As Hing Mak, one of the extras that day remarked, "It was so difficult to watch. I felt so humiliated for him." The scene was so real for those of us of Chinese descent who were watching.

The loneliess of the bachelor days were recreated in the original Bachelor Quarters in Victoria, B.C. This drama scene will tie neatly with the reminiscences of several men of the earlier bachelor society including an exclusive interview with Mr. Wong. Mr. Wong lives in a small dark room at the back of the original living quarters. He is one of the four inhabitants there who refuses to leave the confines and familiarity of Chinatown.

Not all the scenes are so sombre. James Hong of Cluny, Alberta gives a wild rendition of his father's chuckwagon days. The old Mr. Hong performed as a cook for as many as 560 men on a round-up crew. His son and local friends provided the chuckwagon, horses, costumes and spirit to bring alive the Chinese cowboy.

It is hard to imagine that a film of this importance involving so many people and so much travel has half the budget it costs to provide a "minute" of the CBC television series, "The Beachcombers". The problems of a low funding scheme dictated from the higher offices of the CBC has forced producer Terry Macartney-Filgate to concentrate on the Chinese community from British Columbia to as far as Ontario. This omission of Quebec and the Maritimes, I feel, is unfair and unfortunate. The Chinese who made it to the Maritimes as early as the 1870's have as exciting a story as the first immigrants in B.C. Also, who will speak on behalf of the Chinese in Quebec, a minority among a minority? Hopefully, before the editing begins in the winter of 1980, someone will speak up on behalf of the excluded Chinese. Better yet, they will provide funds.

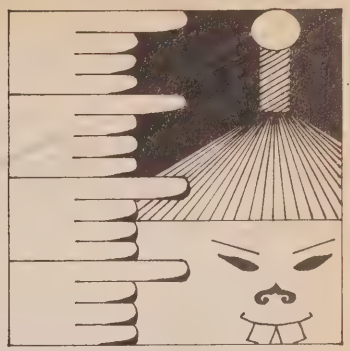
Costs also made it impossible to film many of the fascinating people I met on my first trip. I regret that the story of the Kong Acrobatic family who performed with the Barnum Baily Circus will not be shared; or the experience of Wayne Wong, the kid who grew up in Vancouver's Chinatown to become the wonder kid on skis may not be shown. Time has also played an important factor. Many of the older people who had lived their stories for us have since passed away.

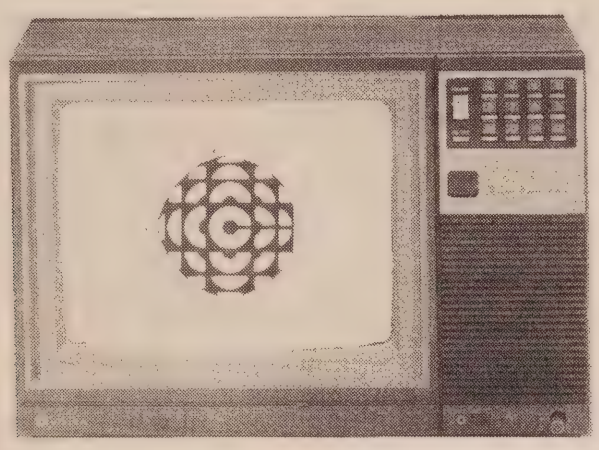
We asked every interviewee, "What is the most special quality of the Chinese?" As for myself, I believe, the Chinese are a very proud people. I felt this pride wherever I went and with all the people I met. It is this sense of pride that enabled the early Chinese to pick up their roots and leave their homeland to pursue a better life, enduring hardships and blatant discrimination. It is with this same pride that the Chinese communities carry on today.

A film such as this has waited too long to be made. Yet, never have Chinese Canadians been more ready or eager to voice itself.

Nancy Ing *grew up in Windsor, Ontario. She recently received her degree in film from York University and was involved in CBC's Chinese Canadian project. "Golden Mountain" will be telecast on CBC in 1981.*

Dubious Award





The Dubious Award for Summer 1980 goes to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Toronto for the airing of a mindless British comedy series entitled, "Mind Your Language." This B-grade program, which assaults the viewer after the 11:00 news on Monday (or Tuesday) nights, is one which any sensitive individual of any race or nationality would find extremely offensive, as it reduces the immigrant to an imbecilic, cartoon stereotype.

Most of the cheap laughs in this British farce are produced through the constant ridiculing of the adult immigrant students in an "English as a Foreign Language" class in England. In each episode we meet the same endearingly naive characters: Taro, the compulsively bowing Japanese man who prefaces each statement with "Ahh-so"; Siu-Li, a young Chinese woman in a Mao uniform who comes across as a robot spewing forth Maoist doctrine like a machine gun; and Anna Schmidt, a stoically tough German woman invariably garbed in a cute, Heidi of the Schwarzwald costume. The class also includes a token, sex-crazed Greek sailor in a red and white striped T-shirt, a charming, older macho Spaniard-- and Giovanni, a token young macho Italian. And of course, the class would not be complete without a voluptuous blonde from Sweden-- and an assortment of ingratiating East Indians who utter "A thousand pardons" after each grammatical error that they might commit.

Presiding over these fumbling, cardboard, United Nations caricatures is the patronizing Mr. Brown. This self-assured young man is the master who speaks impeccable English and who winces or rolls his eyes whenever one of his "foreign" students mispronounces a word of his supposedly superior English language.

The fact that such a racist program as "Mind Your Language" enjoys air time on Canada'a national television network is clearly an indication of who sets the moral and political tone in this country. Obviously, those invisible powers who ultimately control our daily lives from their boardroom tables, condone, and probably perpetuate this condescending attitude towards immigrants. Since the complacent viewer is invited to laugh contemptuously at the cute little immigrants' efforts to learn the English language, it must therefore be okay to consider anyone who does not speak English as an inferior, alien creature.

The Asianadian deplores this racist, patronizing attitude. *The Asianadian* deplores the deceptive use of humour to camouflage a very damaging message. We urge the CBC affiliate in Toronto to demonstrate some respect for the dignity and intelligence of all human beings residing in Canada by removing "Mind Your Language" from its program schedule. We suggest that the CBC replace it with intelligent, *foreign* films.

- Dawn Kiyoye Ono

(Editor's note: According to our television program guides, "Mind Your Language" was apparently discontinued just before we went to press).

10 The Toronto Sun, Thursday June 1, 1978

THE TORONTO SUN

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Curried history

There is no limit to the nonsense that will be [illegible] society so anxious to prove its good [illegible] offending anyone, that common [illegible] Take the nonsense some [illegible]

by

Krisantha Sri Bhaggiyadatta

> Take the nonsense something called the South Asian Origins Liaison Committee is trying to foist on our education system-- the removal from elementary and high schools of 14 textbooks which the group claims are racist and prejudicial to India and people of Indian origin...
>
> What upsets the Asian group is that a number of textbooks with titles such as *The Geographer's World; The Rise of Western Civilization; A Global History; Food, Fact and Folklore; The Rise and Fall of Europe,* portray India as an overcrowded country, where people are "archaic, illiterate, poor and underdeveloped".
>
> Curried History
> *Toronto Sun* Editorial
> June 1, 1978

While this editorial was written over two years ago, it remains a standard of how Third World countries are depicted in the newspapers. "Those" countries are never portrayed as nations struggling out from under the crippling legacy of imperialism. What we get is a static "snapshot" view of history replete with the current adjectives of the writer. What also prevails is a political stereotype of people as genetic or cultural anachronisms.

> ... India is depicted as a country where the caste system causes vast social problems and where sacred cows roam freely, neither killed for food, nor stopped from consuming food that people might otherwise consume. The Asian group disputes the historical assumption that India is lucky British colonialism prepared Indians to take control of their own future. That sort of stuff.
>
> Well? If that is what the textbooks say, it is reassuring. Because that isn't a bad description of India's problems.
>
> *Toronto Sun* Editorial
> June 1, 1978

Day after day news articles reproduce this imperial litany of anarchy and insurmountable problems. Due to the type of coverage they depend on, most of these are short and snappy "news service" articles: uncertified buses falling off mountain roads like over-ripe fruit off untended branches. Unchannelled waters engulfing unprepared towns and villages. Train accidents. Food riots. You would think reporters spend their time in transportation terminals. Of course, this aggregate collage of chaos begs the question of who will solve those problems? American aid?

> With the spread of huge dimensions of the empire of Third World fascism, complete with death squads, torture and repression... The ideological institutions--the press, schools, and universities--thus face a growing challenge. It is, one might have thought, a formidable task to transmute increasing numbers of fascist thugs into respectable "leaders" worthy of our subsidies and active support. Equally serious is the problem of depicting the United States itself as fit to judge and assess the human rights record of other states, in this context of sponsorship of an international mafia, and immediately after its prolonged and brutal assault on the peasant societies of Indochina... Nevertheless, these formidable tasks have been accomplished without notable difficulty...
>
> *The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism*
> Noam Chomsky and
> Edward S. Herman*

Outside the focus of the American military-industrial scheme of events (Vietnam, China, Afganistan) very few countries in Asia receive regular attention in the media. The three major newspapers or television stations have at most, one correspondent in all of Asia. Most of the foreign news comes through U.S. news services such as UPI and Reuters. The *Globe and Mail* repeats articles from *The Economist* and the *New York Times*. The *Toronto Star* has "experts" on Asia such as Mark Gayn (who says he spent a few minutes with Mao in the caves of Yenan) and the *Washington Post*.

Because of this dependence on American perspective, Moslems assembling in the streets of Iran to celebrate the eviction of the Shah were labelled "fanatics"; while "peace-loving" Moslems who oppose the "illegitamate" Afghani government assembled in Pakistan. (Interestingly, in these arguments of legitimacy, we are never told that Pakistan's General Zia is himself the product of a CIA backed coup d'etat or that he executed the elected premier Ali Bhutto).

Part of the reason for this allegiance to American foreign policy is the fact that most of the major newspapers and television stations in Canada are owned by multinational corporations with vast interests in other countries. In attempting to interpret the news in these house-organs, the best guide to filtering the foreign news bias is an understanding of the military-industrial presence in that particular country. Shown here is a chart from Chomsky's book.

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* Chomsky is a Nobel prize semanticist. He has catalogued quite comprehensively, the collusion of the "free press" in the years after World War II, with the "Washington connection".

U.S. Military and Economic Aid to Selected Human Rights Violators, Fiscal Years 1973-78

(Current dollars, in millions)

Country:	Fiscal Years 1973-77					F.Y. 1978
	Military aid grant[1,3]	Military sales credits[1]	Total arms sales[1,4]	Total economic aid[2,5]	Number of military trainees[1]	Proposed military aid (grants & credits)[1,6]
ARGENTINA	2.2	134.0	98.6	—	689	15.7
BRAZIL	3.4	230.7	258.3	93.3	1,062	50.1
CHILE	2.5	27.4	146.6	226.7	1,391	—
ETHIOPIA	53.2	46.0	200.6	111.0	736	12.1
INDONESIA	107.9	54.7	91.8	634.2	1,272	58.4
IRAN	0.3	—	15,677.3	5.4	—	—
PHILIPPINES	124.4	60.0	194.7	383.5	1,460	41.4
SOUTH KOREA	601.1	552.4	1,333.1	487.0	2,741	280.4
THAILAND	229.4	74.7	220.3	91.4	2,655	40.5
URUGUAY	9.0	12.0	16.9	22.8	717	—
Totals:	1,133.4	1,191.9	18,238.2	2,055.3	12,723	498.6

[1]Source: 1973-77 data: U.S. Department of Defense, *Foreign Military Sales and Military Assistance Facts* (Washington, 1976); 1977-78 data: U.S. Department of Defense, *Security Assistance Program, Presentation to Congress*, F.Y. 1978 (Washington, 1977).

[2]Source: U.S. Agency for Development, *U.S. Overseas Loans and Grants, July 1 1945-June 30 1975* (Washington, 1976), and additional tables supplied by USAID.

[3]Includes deliveries of excess defense articles and training costs under the International Military and Education Training Program.

[4]Includes the Foreign Military Sales and Commercial Sales programs.

[5]Includes economic assistance (loans and grants), Food for Peace aid, Security Supporting Assistance, and smaller provisions.

[6]Includes MAP grants, training costs, excess defense articles, and FMS credits.

This table is reproduced with permission, from Michael T. Klare, *Supplying Repression*, Field Foundation, 1977, p. 9.

"You have to remember harder", she said, "It is very important that you speak now."

"Why now?", I asked, "I have a distinct aversion to adding new pressures on my brain".

"Because in North America they reward you for forgetting". (Because the sands sift faster in this desert).

I wanted to ask where (memory, experience) went. Was there a central computer or a hidden bank? A landfill sight of (reduced, refused) (memory, experience). Where did it go?

"We don't know yet. But we have some ideas. What we do know is what memory is replaced with".

"What?"

The room that was totally dark was charged with white light. The attendant with the injection had come in again. With a flick of the switch she was gone. Through the window, down to the park and bushes. He reached over and closed the curtains. He smiled.

"The production of reality? Where does it all take place? Here, give me your arm. Let's find out." While rubbing the ether on, he turned the TV newscasts on.

The National Lobotomy

While I come from a country (Sri Lanka) which was twenty miles away from India, my understanding of that country's history was very much that of the *Toronto Sun*'s. Not only Indian history but also our history, the way we looked at ourselves and the way we looked at the world. The future and our role in it was laid out for us-- the concrete path of colonial development. Europe doing what it had to do for the rest of the world.

The language I learned my lessons in was English and so were the history books that I read. Since history is taught as kings and heroes, one typical figure would be the man who lead the British to the last stronghold to be captured in Sri Lanka. The local hero would be the Singhalese man who joined the British and showed them the way.

Despite being non-white, to speak English and pray Christian in a country that was predominantly Singhalese and Buddhist, Tamil and Hindu, was to belong to a minority. Since we were not people of property, our future lay in working for a government civil service. As a class of clerks, our existence was tied to a continuing relationship with tea, tourism, and the International Monetary Fund.

Little did I know of what existed before the imperialist came, except in viewing the archaeological ruins that remained. Little did that knowledge seem necessary. English history and American B-grade movies were a lot more fun. The Buddhist frescoes were quaint but the fight to retain that culture, ultimately futile.

> Despite its ability to develop a nuclear bomb while failing to feed its own people (perhaps a million people starve to death each year) or to adequately house them (visit Calcutta or New Delhi and see how many live, permanently, on streets and in ditches) India has enormous problems.
>
> Were it not for British colonialism it would never have had a common language (English) for Parliament, and would not have developed into a democracy with some measure of freedom. So keep textbooks that don't change or revise the history of this fascinating, able people.

Curried History

Because I spoke English it would seem logical that I would cater to this view of history. Because we were "western-oriented" and Christian, we were foreigners in the land of our birth. Here we run the gamut of being non-white, ethnic, South Asian, a visible minority--as the establishment attempts to quantify and isolate us from the general stream of humanity that has inhabited this, or rather attempted to remain in this, "New World".

My understanding of what existed in this country before the imperialists came, or before we came, amounts to scant snapshots. The Dene and the Inuit, if not for "druken-Indian" stories or the government announcing a new program or unsettling pipeline, would amount to living just as far away as India.

> The Vietnam era stirred a wave of indignant revisionists who attacked the American tradition and the "consensus historians" who had for so long been its custodians... The U.S. was portrayed as the villain of the cold war; U.S. diplomacy, beneath its pretensions, teemed with the brute cupidity of capitalists in search of new markets.

> Much of the revisionist history has been discredited... Where traditional histories emphasized politics and economics, institutions and elites, the newer work concentrates upon the American family, upon women, upon blacks and Indians, upon the poor and on those without power. The purpose now, says Columbia University historian James Shenton, is "inclusionism"- a mildly offensive academic term for enlarging the embrace and imagination of history.
>
> *Time Magazine*
> July 7, 1980

The history of the people who built this country is the history of people attempting to surmount the particular elements of nature and the general exploitation by the bosses. This contains the history of immigrants, of inexpensive labour, fighting for better conditions in which to retain their humanity. It contains the history of unions, the history of women and men-- what they did to and for each other to survive, what they wished to leave for their children. It is also a history of lies and fear, what was told to successive immigrants about each other, and why they were coming here.

Even though over the years I have attempted to reject *their* view of history, due to a lack of study and access, I have not replaced this memory adequately. So when a friend from India told me of the wholesale destruction of the economies, stories of the resultant famines and the people enticed and kidnapped to Africa and the West Indies, I imagined these great dry blocks of brown earth colliding and crumbling in my head. Her stories were spring rushes of water over a desert. I was elated. I was also dismayed, because I was hearing just a small part of the truth that is yet to be told.

When a friend from Ireland told me of colonial action there, of the famines and the mass migrations, I realized how little I knew. It is not that I have to know of what happened in Ireland, it is just that my understanding of it is wrapped up with that of the rest of the world. When a friend from Africa told me about the Congress of Berlin and how Europe divided that continent and ultimately depicted it as a Tarzan movie, the geography of the world changed for me. So did my understanding of what existed before we came to this country.

> There was a table set out under a tree... the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice, "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind".
>
> The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!", they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's plenty of room!", said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.
>
> *Alice in Wonderland*

I came to this country in 1971. It was the peak of Third World immigration to Canada. I went to Scarborough, to high school. I was luckier to have sisters and brothers here. To the offices and factories of Metro Toronto we came to clean and clerk in the buildings constructed to accomodate the post-war industrialization of Southern Ontario. (As far as we were concerned, Northern Ontario began at Steeles Avenue and the North Pole near Barrie). Without unions at work or support organizations at home (except regressive church organizations) we formed a vision of this society. Given that we did not know our neighbours well, the media played a great role in telling us what was acceptable and what was not. The junk food stores and the department stores they advertised gave us what was available and what we could afford.

It was the media who helped tell us we were not needed here. That we were here (the gates being opened after hours, rusty and creaking) was due to the bleeding goodness of some people's hearts. Namely, the Liberal party. So some of us voted Liberal (if we got on the lists) for awhile.

It was the media that turned the sod of fear and redesigned the ideological frame work for the discussion of the Green Paper on immigration. It was the media who attempted to place the blame of the massive urban renewal that was going on, at the tiptoeing feet of non-white immigrants. When people are frightened of "making a noise", of "creating a disburbance", of asking for better wages, they are subject to attack in the newspapers as "ingrates and "thieves".

1973 saw the introduction of the Green Paper on immigration. Which was a cross-country checkup on the redness of white-people's necks and collars. Coloured immigrants became the guinea-pigs for a national discussion on demography. As if we were responsible for the direction of people to the 200 mile belt along the US border. The Liberals, as if to commemorate our arrival, attached two bureaucracies together and called it Employment and Immigration. Some of us called it Unemployment and Deportation.

Among the many symbols used to frighten and manipulate the populace of democratic states, few have been more important than "terror" and "terrorism". These terms have generally been confined to the use of violence by individuals and marginal groups. Official violence which is far more extensive in both scale and destructiveness, is placed in a different category altogether. The usage has nothing to do with justice, causal sequence, or numbers abused. Whatever the actual sequence of cause and effect, official violence is described as responsive or provoked ("retaliation", "protective reaction", etc.)

Toronto

A black man is shot by the police. The media spends considerable copy devoted to selling the "he probably deserved it" school of apology and justification, which constitutes playing up the man's "strange" behaviour (praying on the roof, etc.)

South Africa

The Media reports that guerrillas have blown up a series of oil tanks in South Africa. My friend is elated. I want to be. I am too afraid of their motives. Why is the media telling us these chemical installations are gone?

> "...the government was worried the terrorist campaign had entered a new stage"

The above quote is taken from an article in the *Toronto Star*:

> SOUTH AFRICA'S GUERILLAS: YOUNG, EAGER, SOVIET-TRAINED

By the fourth paragraph, having described the extent and the content of the explosives used, it moves into pure cold (warm?) war rhetoric:

> "...intelligence sources reported infiltration was widespread and the insurgents had three objectives: to create labour unrest; to recruit young blacks for training and to commit acts of urban terrorism."

The article then moves on to give a composite of the "average" terrorist that elaborates on the headline.

The problem with the article is that nowhere does it mention a political context for the event. It names names and places, and it provides a cost-estimate of the damage...but in a country where trade-union activity is banned, who is creating "labour unrest"? And in cities where apartheid zones people to a particular stride, don't the atrocities already exist? Whose urban terrorism?

Maybe these news articles are not for me? Maybe I should look over my shoulder....

Toronto, South Korea

In his May 16 column, the *Toronto Sun's* Lubor J. Zink calls for a "whole new global concept" to be worked out. He calls on members to reassert their allegiance to NATO. Meanwhile, as he speaks, Seoul is erupting quietly. Troops (peaceful, no doubt) are battling "rioting" students. We are not told why they are rioting, just that troops are "quelling" the disturbance.

Are these articles just notes to investors? Maybe, as a friend informs me, the best coverage of foreign news occurs in the business pages. Maybe she's right.

Now that the American media figures have successfully rearranged the fifties into "Happy Days" and all those people at the back of the bus aren't at the back of the bus anymore (...because they've also cut public transit) they figure they can go about reassuring the American Century (which they've always claimed as theirs, just like they call their final baseball games the "World Series").

One aspect of asserting the 20th century as theirs is that Americans must always be on a war footing, ever vigilant, to go rushing to save democracy from itself in some outer multinational outpost, just in case the natives consider their resources their own.

> Growing up in the USA in the 1950's I remembered so clearly my obsessive fear of nuclear war... drills in school, duck and cover under our desks at the sound of the siren. Even then I knew it was a farce but didn't dare articulate it. As long as my desk might save me from frying up I wasn't going to tempt fate by voicing my doubt..
>
> Sue O'Sullivan
> Spare Rib--June 1980

In this highly-informed society of ours, how was it possible for the Ku Klux Klan to come across the Canadian border and set up an office in the East End of Toronto (where Chinese and Indian people live) and have the newspaper and media (concerned, no doubt) blare their arrival hour-on-the-hour across the city! Where was our MTP, OPP and RCMP????

The type of coverage of the KKK, has not only provided aid to their own organizing efforts but also amplified the diversionary cries of righteousness and helplessness by various segments of the establishment. The Attorney General of Ontario -- aggressive defender of police action -- wrings his hand and cries, "Shame, Shame..." (or "See, there's worse racists than me!)

When a little girl was killed in Toronto in the spring, the media frightened and harangued a population, just ready to come out onto the streets. Most rape and murder occurs within the sparkling electronics of the nuclear family! Does the media discuss this foundry of docility and its "occasional" excesses?

Why didn't the Sun's Editor-In-Chief Peter Worthington ask his wife Yvonne Crittenden, Public Relations Officer of the Children's Aid Society -- about Child Abuse and its origins (interestingly enough her sister, Dorothea, is an Ontario Human Rights Commissioner), before he permitted the police use of Sun boxes to detail to the public, the composite face of the possible child-rapist? Was this an advertising prank? Did anyone answer when the man eventually arrested didn't look anything like the posters? Ah... but that was during police budget time, and nobody criticizes them then.

Overt individual racism as opposed to covert institutionalised racism is the weapon brandished and emphasized in the media. (A friend likens overt racism to a doberman the state keeps in store between its legs; which it sends off to mangle when needed to instill fear.) When CBC radio clarioned through its service, that a group of "unidentified" "East Indians" in Toronto's East End, had beat up on some "whites", "unprovoked", what did it hope to instill in its audience? And why didn't they report the earlier incident where an Indian man was beaten up?

When the Western Guard clashed with the CPC (M-L) at an anti-racism rally at City Hall, thereby diverting media attention away from speakers and serving to tag such demonstrations as "violence-prone" -- did anyone ask how come the Police allowed the Western Guard to distribute "illegal" racist literature in the first place?

Their news is not for us. I think radio, TV, printing presses are fine inventions, but "Freedom of the Press is for those who own one." We must find our own voices....

ASIAN PRESS HIGHLIGHTS

Interview with GEORGE YAMADA

Rikka is now in its seventh year. Starting out as a magazine with a dominating Japanese Canadian perspective it has over the years reached out to include a vast range of issues and an impressive list of contributors.

"Before starting the magazine I studied the needs for a long time. Like any community there are the large percentage that are indifferent and complacent," said publisher George Yamada. "There are those who feel uncomfortable with that stance. The idea was to give voice to that dissent." Over the years Yamada's name has become synonymous with the magazine he founded in 1973.

"*Rikka* was originally aimed largely at Japanese Canadians but I was always uncomfortable with that exclusiveness and felt more at ease when the direction was changed.

"I think most ethnics are myopic in that they get concerned with issues only when their group is concerned. I wish those same people would get concerned with other issues. Then I'd say, 'better'.

"I try to find themes common to all ethnics so that they see their common struggle. My intention is educational. I'd like to reach those poeple who are not aware of certain issues but there is a natural selection: people like that won't come across or read the magazine. How do you reach those people? I think you have to work at it. Maybe with humour. I wish we had more humour in the magazine."

Rikka operates without government subsidies. The paper and plates are paid for by sales but all the rest is "a labour of love," he says modestly.

The range of topics covered by *Rikka* is enormous. Individuals or groups who have an interest in a particular area work in turn with George to produce each issue. In the past there have been issues on Korea and the black community. For the future, such themes as alternate medicine, native people and the police will be covered in detail. The issue on immigrant women is just out. But though *Rikka* doesn't have trouble getting articles it is lacking the production assistance it needs. "I try to get the editor to proof read. Normally I set, read, correct and then proof again. But if I set it and read it twice I can't find the errors. I haven't found people willing to help with this. *Rikka* also needs help in building up its circulation. The journal is distributed to small outlets across the country. Of the approximately 1000 magazines printed forty percent end up in Ontario.

"I get more interest from Americans and less from Canadians than you'd think. In Canada, Nisei suffer from apathy that characterizes the population at large. Many like to be perceived as mainstream. In the U.S. they are more alive to issues, especially since the Nixon era and the anti-war movement. I think it's mainly because of some outstanding leaders-- grass roots types."

George does see some positive changes though. He has just finished a television production course at Ryerson for people from different ethnic minority communities. The level of cooperation was high. For the far future George can imagine *Rikka*'s content on television. For the not so far future he would like to expand from a quarterly to a magazine that comes out six times a year. "The material is there, but not the manpower."

Whatever form it takes *Rikka*'s spirit will continue into the future. George Yamada is very certain of his motives. "The causes of war can be found in our communities. Everywhere we live. There's no point to try to do something about war once it breaks out. It's too late then. Its important therefore to work to remove the causes of war in our communities before it starts."

- Richard Fung

THE NEW CANADIAN

The New Canadian began publication in 1939 as an all English newspaper. Nicknamed the "voice of the nisei" (second generation Japanese Canadians), it was the only newspaper publication permitted during World War II, the other three main publications having been suspended right after the bombing of Pearl Harbour. All articles published in *The New Canadian* during the war years, including translations from Japanese, were subject to strict censorship. Criticism of government policy was naturally also forbidden, meaning that a large percentage of letters to the editor could not be printed. The Canadian government also used this newspaper to transmit orders from the B.C. Security Commission to the Japanese Canadian population.

The current editor, Ken Mori, has been with the newspaper since 1947. He sees the newspaper as changing in recent years to addressing the needs of the new immigrants in the Japanese section and the sansei (third generation) in the English section. News about Canada is stressed over that of Japan. By translating Canadian news into Japanese and by informing new immigrants about free services and legal rights, the *New Canadian* sees one of its main aims as assisting the assimilation of the Japanese immigrant into Canadian society.

The New Canadian is published nationally and twice weekly. The New Canadian, 479 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Telephone: 366-5005. Member of the Ethnic Press Association of Ontario and Canada.

The staff of the Continental Times, 1907.

THE CONTINENTAL TIMES

A newspaper in publication since 1907, *The Continental Times* sees its main function as providing a news service to Japanese in Canada, particularly to those for whom English is a second language. Editor of ten years, Harry Taba admits that it is impossible to compete with English newspapers and other news media in Canada. He sees a greater shift in the future towards meeting the needs of the growing population of new Japanese immigrants to Canada. As one of only three newspapers published in Canada with a Japanese language section, *The Continental Times* brings news about both Canada and Japan. Taba also sees his newspaper as helping to bridge the gap between the newer and older immigrants through articles about both cultures. Classifying *The Continental Times* as a "middle of the road" newspaper, Taba nonetheless perceives his newspaper as one means of combating racism, following the anti-W5 movement in several columns.

The Continental Times is published nationally and twice weekly. The Continental Times, 417 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Telephone: 366-1888.

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a short story by Rick Shiomi

U.B.C. CO-ED KIDNAPPED

This is an excerpt from a long short story in progress. The story is a loose spoof both of the Mickey Spillaine genre of detective novels and of the stereotypes of Asians prevalent in the Charlie Chan and Mr. Moto genre of films.

In this case, Sam Supedo and Chuck Chan join forces to solve a series of kidnappings involving Asian Canadian women. At the point this excerpt begins Sam and Chuck are setting out in friendly competition to break the case.

Out on the street we parted company and promised to keep in touch on this case. Chuck looked rather confident strolling down Hastings, as if he were thinking up a new riff on his bass. I didn't have time to wonder what he was up to; there were Lily Kudo's friends and family, Dusty's Disco and the Ides of March. I had forty-seven hours and fifty minutes to come up with the answers.

Dusty's wouldn't open till later in the evening so I hopped a bus out to Kerrisdale to visit Gordon Kudo, Lily's father and an old friend of mine. 3240 Marpole could well have been the North Pole. There was something chilly in the air. The neighbourhood was anally clean on the surface but you knew it was seething with intrigues and conspiracies below. Some of the worst criminals could be traced back to abused childhoods right there in those bland looking split levels. Gordon had decided to live among the *hakujin* to show how liberal he was. I used to kid him about it before we were all forced to live among them.

I leaned on the buzzer and admired the meticulous care expressed in the garden. The white pebbled border and the unusual rock formations along the inner walkway were all in praise of the Japanese garden. Gordon never had time for that kind of work himself, but he showed taste in whom he hired.

"Mr. Supedo, come in please," his wife's worried voice drew me in.

"Hello, is Gordon in? I just dropped by to ask him a few questions."

Mrs. Kudo was a beautiful matron with refined features that spoke of an aristocratic upbringing. She had a grace that other women envied. But there were lines in her face I'd never seen before. A gauze of pain and fatigue veiled her eyes and I looked away to grant her respite from the need to appear the gracious hostess.

I could never figure how Gordon had persuaded her to marry him. He was such a penguin, waddling around in dark suits and white shirts. He had a sense of humour that belied his appearance and he was clever with words, but I couldn't believe she'd fallen for him. It had been the scandal of the community when he stole her heart right out from under the nose of his arch rival Somoto. Somoto was a husky and handsome character but a bore and a stickler for the Japanese way of doing things. Gordon and I had been labelled the new wave niseis, the ones always breaking the rules of the game.

That had been twenty years ago and Gordon and I had gone our own ways. He had set himself up in the flourishing tourist trade and I had gone underground into the dens of thieves, con artists and kidnappers.

When I entered the living room I was surprised. Gordon was slumped in a couch with a haggard look on his face. He was drained of his usual vigour. Opposite him was a flashy young woman perched on a chair. It was a scene that unsettled my insides.

"Have a seat Sam," Gordon looked up at me tiredly, "This is Nancy Wing, a reporter from the *Sun*. She thinks foul play is involved."

"Ah, Mr. Supedo!" she rose to shake hands, "I've been looking forward to meeting you. You're the talk of the reporters pool."

She was unusually tall for a Chinese girl and stood every inch of her height. She wore a trendy tweed jacket over baggy pants. With her evenly moulded face she could have been a fashion plate rather than a reporter. I didn't trust beautiful broads to begin with and I didn't recognize her name though I knew most of the *Sun* reporters. That put me on my guard.

"The pleasure is mine," I coughed, "How is Paddy Fields these days,, still running the hockey pool for the boys?"

"Oh he left a few weeks ago. He got a promotion to the city desk for the *Province* so now he's across the hall," she returned my serve without a flicker of doubt.

"Well, good to hear," I feigned surprise, "Then you must be new?"

"Yes, I just graduated from journalism at U.B.C. I used to write for the campus paper."

"Ah yes, the stepping stone to the *Sun*," I chuckled.

She seemed clean. I made a mental note to have my junior partner Tony check her out. It never paid to get careless. I sat down beside Gordon and offered my condolences before going over my questions.

"When did you realize Lily was missing?"

"Yesterday we began to worry,"

"When did you last see her?"

"Three days ago."

"You last saw her three days ago and you didn't think anything was wrong until yesterday?"

"Well the sansei are different... I mean they socialize more with *hakujin* friends... sometimes she went on short trips."

"Times have changed," the young woman interjected.

"So it seems," I glared at her. I was in no mood to deal delicately with a smart ass broad but I didn't want to upset Gordon any more than necessary.

"Do you have a recent photograph of Lily?"

"Yes," his wife answered, "You can have that one on the mantle. She was such a studious girl until she began hanging around with those fraternity boys. Then she started staying out late. When we asked her about it she'd just get angry."

"Fraternity boys?" I interrupted her, "Were they the ones on the list of names you gave me?"

"A couple of them," Gordon whispered.

"How did you know they belonged to a fraternity?"

"Oh, they have this frat pin, Phi Beta Gamma, that was in her bedroom," Nancy Wing answered eagerly.

I cringed at the thought of having this eager beaver stringer looking over my shoulder.

"Very good Nancy... now why don't we let Mr. and Mrs. Kudo answer the questions."

She leaned back in her chair and pouted, her lips flexing rhythmically. She grabbed her pen and pad and pretended she was studying her notes. I felt a twinge of desire but put that spark out. She was a distraction which was dangerous in this game. I had already allowed her to split my concentration.

"Lily began to see these Phi Delta Gee boys?"

"No, it was Phi Gamma Beta boys I think," Gordon replied.

"No, not them, it was the Phi Beta Gamma boys," Nancy insisted.

"Whatever," I shrugged off her correction. One was as bad as another and they were all Greek to me.

"Have you told the police all this?"

"Yes, they said they'd check the fraternity."

"Who were the officers?"

"A Captain Peabody and a Sargeant O'Folley," he muttered.

It wasn't like Gordon to whisper or mutter. This kidnapping was taking him under. I knew the next forty-six hours would be torture for him. As for the Captain and O'Folley, I was sure they'd bungle their way in the wrong direction.

"Okay," I reassured Gordon and his wife, "I'll get on the case. I'm sure the trail is still warm."

Mrs. Kudo went out and returned with a tray of *ocha* and *senbe*. The big rice crackers wrapped in dried seaweed were my favourite snacks, after sweet and sour chips. I excused myself until they persuaded me that the snacks were an important gesture of hospitality. Over *ocha* Mrs. Kudo dropped a bomb that caused me to spill my tea and choke on a piece of *senbe*.

"And Lily was supposed to go on an exchange trip to Japan on the fifteenth," she lamented.

"Is there anything wrong Mr. Supedo?" Nancy asked, patting me on the back as I coughed up bits of *senbe*.

"Nothing kid... Agghh... it's nothing," I spluttered. Mrs. Kudo quickly handed me a Kleenex.

"Aghh... Well I... Aghh... should shove off," I said and started for the front door.

"I was about to leave too," the kid tossed out.

I tried to ignore the overture but that didn't work with her.

"Can I give you a lift? I'm going downtown too," she tapped me on the shoulder.

"How do you know I don't have wheels?" I stopped her at the door.

"I'm a reporter, remember. I'm supposed to get the scoop and you're part of it," she smiled back. Then she glanced at her watch and said, "It's five o'clock. Why don't we have dinner together. I've got a lot of ideas about this case I'd like to discuss with you."

I groaned inside as I stepped outside. I was too broke for a restaurant and putting up with this dizzy broad wasn't my idea of business or pleasure.

"I'm a busy guy... I've got to track down these leads before they turn cold."

"One of them already has. Johnny Rich was found washed up on Kits beach this afternoon. They say he drowned, but I'd guess not of his own intent. The autopsy will be out in a few days," the kid read from her pad.

"These guys play rough eh? Sure you're not afraid to be seen with a character like me? I could see the *Sun* headlines, "J-TOWN DICK FOUND WASHED UP ON BEACH."

"I'm not afraid... they wouldn't touch a reporter would they?" she wondered. The last two words hung lamely in the air waiting for me to rescue them.

"Not usually... just flash your press card at them." I played with her fears, "Of course the west-side mob had taken out a few reporters for exposing the West Broadway protection rackets."

"It doesn't matter... this issue gets me right where I live. If Asian women aren't safe, then I'm not safe," she stated.

"You're okay kid," I offered her a Certs as we

walked out of the secluded garden.

She directed me to a brand new red and white Mustang. I was on guard again because cub reporters didn't make that kind of dough. I wondered if I was being taken for a ride.

"Look kid, I've got a million things to do, maybe another day, eh," I stepped away from the car.

"Wait, I don't bite... look in the back seat... see anybody you recognize?" She half giggled, "Look, I'm clean... no social diseases."

I couldn't stand her smart ass attitude but the car looked innocent enough. I was ready to accept the ride only. The dinner was out unless we made it short and sweet at a wonton house. I considered faking a lost appetite and then swore at the games she was putting me through. I didn't have time for broads with half baked ideas. I had forty-three hours to come up with a ring of kidnappers and killers. When I got in reluctantly, she revved up the engine and we sped off.

"Mr. Supedo... can I call you Sam?"

"Sure..... all the kids do."

"Okay Sam, let me make you an offer."

I braced myself for the deal. she was too good to be true. The fancier the front, the more treacherous the backside. I swore again and glanced into the mirror to check if we were being followed.

"Shoot kid..."

"Could we cut the kid stuff... I can take care of myself, am old enough to drink, vote and have sex... so I would appreciate being called Nancy."

"Sure kid... I mean Nancy. When you get as old as I am you start calling everyone kid."

"You can't be more than fifty," she chided me.

I didn't answer. Some reporter she was. She couldn't even guess my age within five years. I had cultivated a rumpled and worn out image but to be called fifty when I was not forty-three was a low blow.

"You were about to make me an offer?"

"Oh yes, how about dinner at my place. I just happen to have a fine curried stew and plenty of vegetables for a salad. I'm in the West End so it won't be far out of the way."

"I don't have much time to socialize," I held her off to weigh the dangers involved. I studied her like a piece of cheese in a mousetrap and decided to go for the dinner and the danger.

"I've got to make a few calls right away. Where do you live and what's the phone number ?"

"Twelve twenty-two, suite two oh one. The number's six eight nine, two three, two three. Would you like my social insurance number too ?"

I ignored the cheap shot and got her to stop at a phone booth. Her information checked out against that list in the white pages. I called Tony and told him to check her credentials out and then stake out her place while we dined. When I returned to the car she stepped on the gas and we tore off into the sunset.

She was as pleased as punch to have a celebrity over for dinner. All the way there she kept jabbering about realizing I had to be careful and about how she followed my cases. She knew about my office in the Sunset Building, my habit of carrying Certs and the fact that I called my hat Charlie. The more she talked, the more uncomfortable I got. If some twerp of a stringer could gather that much information on me, then a heavy duty ring probably had a dossier a foot thick on the way I brushed my teeth.

This broad changed moods too easily and was a bit snarky for my liking. She jumped out of my background and into her own theories on the disappearing women. Her questioning of the nieghbours had proven fruitless, Lily's *hakujin* friends were playing dumb and Johnny Rich was dead. The last few strands were in my hands; the Phi Belta Gee connection, the circus ring of characters I'd run into already, Dusty's Disco and the Ides of March. The kid suspected a conspiracy which made me chuckle.

"Well here we are, would you like to check out the closet ?" she offered, "I won't be offended. I mean it isn't very often I have a renowned private eye case my joint... You can frisk me too."

"Cut the jabber kid," I dulled the edge of her cute remarks.

"Try Nancy... or how about babe."

"Okay, cut the jabber babe... are we going to eat or just whistle all night ?" I circled the apartment and dropped into a chair in the corner.

"We eat... but we both cook... I'll heat up the stew and you can toss the salad."

As I stepped over to the fridge I glanced out the window and saw Tony hiding by a tree down on the street. The fridge was full of limp vegetables, half of which I tossed out instead of into the salad bowl.

"You're a real housekeeper."

"I don't get paid to keep house," she countered.

"I'll remember that next time you invite me to dinner."

"Sam... there's a guy outside on the street watching this place... oops... a second guy just popped the first guy on the head," the kid chirped.

I was over at the window in a flash. A racing green Austin pulled up and Tony was unceremoniously dumped into it by the sour puss bear I'd run into earlier.

"Jesus, Tony !"

"You know them ?"

"One is my partner and the other is tied to the kidnapping ring."

"You mean my conspiracy theory is right ?" she was pestering me again.

It was too late to give chase. My only hope was knowing I was hot because they were staying close to me. I wondered whether taking off with Tony was another gambit to lure me into a trap. Then I wondered whether Nancy Wing, cub reporter, was in on the game. She was the only one who knew about our

dinner date other than Tony. And Tony was the one who could have blown her cover story.

"What are you going to do ?" she quizzed me. She was probably dying to know.

"Have some stew..." I played the scene as cool as iced tea on a hot day.

"You're not worried about your partner ?" she wondered and then sat down at the table imitating my composure.

I took the French and waited for her to begin eating. I'd seen too many drugging scenes to be taken so easily.

"Mmmmm, the stew is delicious if I do say so myself," she tasted the salad and reached across the table to sip a spoonful of stew from my bowl.

"Now Sammy, eat your dinner before it gets cold."

"I was just thinking," I mumbled and dug into the food.

"You should relax sometimes."

"I got business to attend to."

"Want company ?"

"Not yours."

"You mean I get to stay home and do the dishes!".

"That's your business."

"Very funny... I've got my own plans anyway," she pouted.

I wiped my mouth, got up, grabbed Charlie and my coat and walked over to the door.

"I'd advise you to keep a low profile in this case kid. The broad that sticks out gets hammered in this business."

Rick Shiomi *is an aspiring sansei writer now living in Vancouver. He divides his time among writing, community projects and looking for work. He was an editor of the recent publication* The Inalienable Rice *and has had his short story "Akemi" published in* Time Capsule, *a New York magazine.*

RACISM & CENSORSHIP

by Maryka Omatsu

On March 13, 1980, the Canadian Human Rights Commission (Canadian HRC) accepted a complaint from E.D. Wong, vice-president of the Asian Canadian Association for Cultural Co-operation in Vancouver, B.C. Wong alleged that CTV's weekly newsmagazine, W-5, had discriminated against persons of Chinese origin, in its now famous September 30, 1979 programme entitled "Campus Giveaway".

In accepting Wong's complaint, the Commission was venturing into uncharted waters. Human rights legislation in this country stops short of permitting human rights commissions from censoring media *content*. As a matter of fact, the Wong complaint was accepted under Section 5(b) of the Canadian Human Rights Act (CHR Act) which prohibits "adverse differentiation" in the "provision of services customarily available to the general public." In drafting human rights legislation, Parliament clearly intended to leave the regulation of the broadcasting industry to the Canadian Radio-Television Commission (CRTC). Recently, the CRTC acted on a complaint against a B.C. newsbroadcast in which the news-reader referred to a Sikh as a 'raghead'. Both the reader and the scriptwriter were disciplined for "abuse of comment".

Previously, minorities who felt that the media was racist had recourse to three avenues: (1) a libel and slander action which would require that the minority prove that it suffered damages and that the media knowingly and maliciously intended to cause harm to the racial group; (2) a criminal charge which would require the consent of the Attorney-General of the Province that the "racists" were advocating genocide; and/or (3) a complaint to the CRTC which would have to be filed within 30 days of the broadcast.

The legislators were attempting to protect freedom of speech in the hopes that a responsible media could police itself. On civil libertarian grounds, human rights commissions were also loathe to enter into the censorship area. Yet paradoxically, each province has a censorship board. In Ontario, the censorship board is established pursuant to "The Theatres Act", and is empowered to "censor any film... that it does not approve of for exhibition". Interestingly enough, the Ontario legislation does not spell out what areas should be removed from public view. The Board however, seems to feel that public morality is offended by the showing of human genitalia and scenes of sexual intercourse, but that the public is not offended by movies that promote female hatred, racism or misanthropy. However, the belief that minorities and women should be protected from media presentation that fosters racist and sexist ideology seems to be gaining public support.

Although there is no disagreement on the point that a fundamental underpinning of our democratic society is the right to freedom of speech; there is also the acknowledgment that of necessity there are limitations on this freedom. These restrictions are designed to prevent malignment and injury to individuals and groups. These restrictions are seen to be of a greater societal value than a blanket freedom to say whatever you think regardless of its truth or falsity.

Accordingly, the success of the campaign against the W-5 programme must be seen in this light and as a step towards a demand by minorities for media responsibility.

Maryka Omatsu (M.A., LL.B.) *is a Toronto civil rights lawyer and Acting Director of the Canadian Human Rights Commission, Ontario Region.*

THE AFTERMATH OF MISINFORMATION

by Jamshed Mavalwala

This past year has clearly demonstrated that while the denigration of some of our peoples of Canada still sporadically continues, the voice of the majority is the voice of moderation and the general mood is that we are all Caradians, with equal rights and equal responsibilities, bound together to work towards a future where errors will be detected before they have done damage to the delicate fabric of our society.

When misinformation is supplied either by personal gossip, by the written media, or by the electronic media, a pattern of events occurs. A statement is made, an article is written, or a programme is broadcast. Once it has impacted upon the public its effect spreads through society. This "ripple" that moves outward, unlike the ripples on the water when a stone is thrown in, does not necessarily lessen as it moves outward. It changes and can also grow in its impact.

When enough public annoyance is expressed at the source of this ripple, an apology is provided. But the first ripple has already moved out across the minds of people and triggered a series of responses, some good and some bad. Since there is invariably a time lapse for an apology or a rebuttal to appear, its ripple effect follows much later.

Therefore the first phase in dealing with the dissemination of misconceptions is to produce the second ripple as soon as possible after the first. The second phase is to take a series of positive steps to counteract the residual effects of the first ripple. The second phase is a long process since it is surprising how far the first ripple can travel and what it can arouse in the minds of some people.

The misinformation is invariably presented to arouse anxiety in the reader. The item is substantiated by "purported" facts and is couched in terms designed to arouse emotions rather than stimulate serious thought.

A considerable body of materials exists concerning the perceptions of some alarmed citizens of Canada about issues dealing with their conceptions, or more accurately, their misconceptions of the visible minorities in Canada. These misconceptions have done great harm in the past. A dramatic example in our history was the front page story carried by a paper in British Columbia, the *Province*, on February 1st, 1907, that the Liberals in B.C. would, if they won power, allow the importation of 50,000 Japanese workers. The story appeared two days before the Provincial elections and the Conservative won.

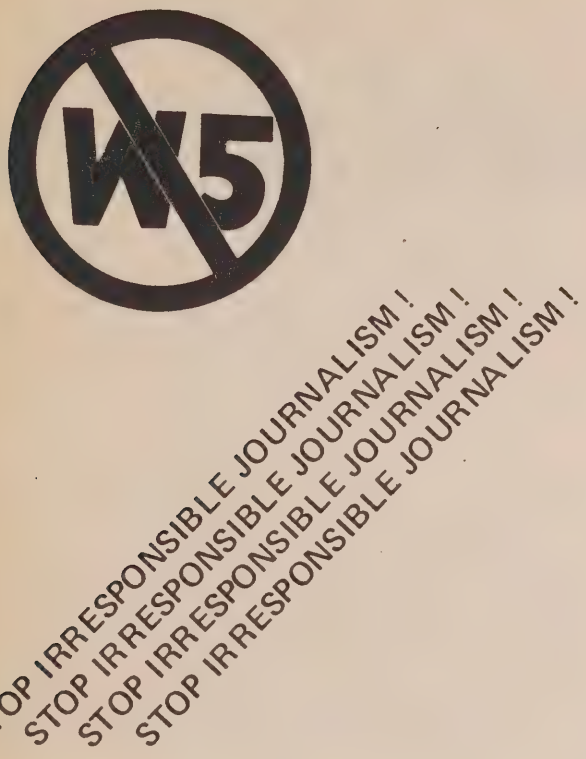
A stream of news dealing with the dangers of Asian immigration continued to spew forth, culminating in the massive public opinion that allowed the detention of immigrants on a ship in Vancouver harbour and their final expulsion, because of their racial background. The Komagata Maru Committee of Enquiry Report, 1914, describes this deplorable chapter in Canadian history.

The perusal of a recently published book *Visible Minorities And Multiculturalism : Asians In Canada*, edited by K. Victor Ujimoto and Gordon Hirabayashi will educate the reader of the emotional nature of the attitudes that prevailed against Asians in this country, and unfortunately these attitudes have not entirely disappeared.

From interviews conducted across Canada in June and July 1974, John W. Berry, Rudolf Kalin and Donald Taylor found that people did perceive Canadians as divided into ethnic groups and while "There was no evidence of extreme ethnic prejudice --- North European groups were evaluated relatively favourably (eg. Germans, Belgians, Dutch, Scandinavians) compared to the South and East European groups (eg. Greeks, Italians, Poles, Yugoslavs), who were in turn rated more favourably than several other groups (eg. East Indians, Negroes, Spaniards, Portuguese)." This survey was reported in *Ethnicity And Ethnic Relations In Canada* edited by J. Goldstein and R. Bienvenue.

In the context of a Canadian society that still differentiates its people by skin colour, even to a lesser extent than the earlier years of this century, the media can either enhance or reduce this differentiation by the ways in which news is presented.

In the field of education, (and in one sense every good journalist is a public educator,) we must be careful not to fall into the trap of using the wrong examples to represent an entire group. I have observed that two principles apply when one describes a group. It is common to use the Highest Common Factor principle when describing a community we admire. So we make its best individuals its representatives. On the other hand when we do not place a group high in our estimation, the individuals we choose to describe are chosen by the principle of the Least Common Factor. In other words, we take the



worst individuals and hold them up for public scrutiny as a representative of a group. We do this also when we use specific words to describe character traits within a group. What is "ambition" in one group becomes "pushy" in another group, and what is a "hard working student" in one group becomes "a learning machine" in another.

Peter Pineo, after studying the social standing of ethnic and racial groupings, comes to the conclusion that it is clear that in Canadian society "ethnicity is generally understood to be an active ingredient in the present Canadian social stratification system."

It is in this context that the CTV network aired on its W-5 programme a show entitled " The Campus Giveaway" on September 30th, 1979. That was the start of the first ripple. The reactions grew to a crescendo and in response to a nation-wide outcry against the inaccuracies in that broadcast, W-5 broadcast a statement on March 16th, 1980 stating their regrets. On April 16th, 1980 a written apology was issued by the broadcasters. These two apologies were the beginning of the second ripple.

What were the misconceptions broadcast in "The Campus Giveaway" and how were they presented ?

The core of the original programme was that Canadian students could not get into Canadian universities because foreign students were taking up the spaces. The programme began with "Here is a scenario that would make a great many people in this country angry and resentful." It then went on to pose a question : "Suppose your son or daughter wanted to be an engineer, or a doctor, or a pharmacist. Suppose he had high marks in high school, and that you could pay the tuition --- but he still couldn't get into university in his chosen courses because a foreign student was taking his place."

This question was turned into a major misconception because it was immediately followed by the statement : "Well, that is exactly what is happening in this country." This judgemental statement was then supported by statistics that W-5 later admitted were wrong. The program made it sound as if Canadian universities were being overwhelmed with foreign students. It then used the school of Pharmacy at the University of Toronto as a specific example of how a "Canadian" could not get in and showed faces of students, obviously of Chinese extraction, who were in Pharmacy at the University of Toronto.

While the viewer saw faces on the screen that belonged to Canadians, of Chinese extraction, the script said, "It's as if there are two campuses at Canadian universities --- foreign and domestic. Certainly this Chinese theatre attracts a full house, but not one Canadian student attended." What was actually shown was an orientation meeting for first-year students of Chinese heritage at the University of Toronto's International Student Centre. Eight students are portrayed. Six are Canadian citizens and two were visa students. The misconception being conveyed was that any one with a "Chinese" face on campus is a foreign student and not a Canadian citizen.

A detailed critical analysis of this programme can be found in the report that was submitted by the Ad Hoc Committee of the Council of Chinese Canadians in Ontario Against W-5, on March 17th, 1980 to the Secretary General, Canadian Radio-Television Telecommunications Commission in Ottawa. It is also of interest to note that when Mr. Gordon Fairweather, Chairman of the Federal Human Rights Commission spoke before the Empire Club in November 1979, he unequivocally expressed his disgust at "The Campus Giveaway" programme.

The errors that were broadcast in this programme are clearly pointed out in the CRTC brief that was prepared by Irene Chu.

1. There are not 100,000 foreign students in our schools or on our campuses. There are actually about 20,000 foreign students in full time university studies according to James R. McBride, Executive Director, Canadian Bureau for International Education. The percentage of foreign students for 1977-78 in Canada was only 5.3 % compared to over 10 % in the United Kingdom and France.

2. The Canadian student in the programme who claimed she was denied admission in Pharmacy was reported to have earned 79.5 % marks in high school. But her grades were not high enough in the pre-requisite subjects for her to qualify for admission into Pharmacy. Not only did she not qualify, but there is not one single visa student in the first year Pharmacy class at the University of Toronto. There are six students of Chinese origin and they are all Canadian citizens and qualified to enter with the higher marks that they earned.

3. Students with 'Chinese' faces cannot be all categorically portrayed as foreign. In our multicultural society all people, no matter what their ethnic background, are equally Canadian citizens.

4. Even though there are only a small percentage of foreign students in Canadian universities the programme deliberately chose not to mention that in

1978-79 there were 85 visa students in medical schools across Canada, 66 of whom were from the United States.

Irene Chu in this brief to the CRTC pointed out that the areas of contention were :

1. pre-determined biased accusation of selective groups of the Canadian public,

2. deliberate intent to incite resentment and bitterness towards Canadians with visible racial characteristics,

3. distortion of facts, manipulation of half-truths,

4. inaccurate statistics and figures, and

5. blatant 'sub-standard' journalism.

Specifically the damages inflicted by this particular programme include:

1. presenting an unfavourable image of foreign students in Canada making them feel unwelcome and unwanted,

2. misrepresentation of universities' admission policy,

3. misrepresentation of the Canadian Immigration policy,

4. insinuation that non-white = non-Canadian implying non-whites are foreign and therefore are not entitled to Canadian rights and privileges. It has particularly demeaned the status of Canadians of Chinese descent.

5. poisoning the minds of many decent, unsuspecting Canadians with distorted facts that tend to create racial tension and prejudice,

6. the betraying of the Multicultural Policy of Canada.

While it is impossible to imagine the damage that the insinuations did to the fabric of Canadian society let us look at just one example of the ripple effect.

T.B. MacLachlan of the University Hospital in Saskatoon wrote a letter that was published in the April 1980 issue of *University Affairs*. He wrote "I have been reading with interest, the dialogue concerning the W-5 program on foreign students in the universities in Canada". He went on to say that even though he had not seen the actual program he did have first hand knowledge that even though "very few foreign students are taken in the undergraduate program on student visas --- however this was not the case a few years ago."

He clearly did not bother to make the single telephone call to the Registrar of the University of Saskatoon that was necessary to check his impressions. He would have quickly learned as did Dr. C. C. Lee, who is the Thorvaldson professor of chemistry at the University of Saskatoon, that in the past 10 years only *one* single foreign student was admitted to the first year programme in the College of Medicine. Dr. Lee, in his letter published in *University Affairs*, June-July 1980, goes on to point out that for the same 10 year period 1970-71 to 1979-80 "the numbers of landed immigrants admitted to first year medicine were 4,2,0,1,1,2,5,2,1, and 3. Even if MacLachlan were to regard these landed immigrants as foreigners, the statistics surely demonstrate the total falsehood of his accusation that a few years ago Saskatchewan students were displaced by foreign students in our College of Medicine." Three letters appeared in the June-July issue of *University Affairs*, all pointing out judgemental errors on MacLachlan's part.

What this exchange illustrates is that a faculty member was triggered by the ripples emanating from one specific W-5 programme to publicly express his views without checking the validity of his data. How many such biased viewpoints were verbally expressed is difficult to estimate.

We are now in the phase where we must continue to reaffirm the rights of all Canadian citizens and in the words of Irene Chu, who says in the brief to the CRTC :

"Finally, we wish to reaffirm our belief that the soul of a nation lies in the components of its people; the multi-racial, multi-ethnic, multi-cultural fabric of our Canadian society has every potential of reaching an unsurpassed richness in establishing our Canadian identity. But unless we educate ourselves about our diversities; unless we make a concerted effort to better understanding and appreciation of our differences, all those potentialities will go to waste. It is the duty of every individual and of the governments to see to it that positive steps are taken towards such a goal."

Jamshed Mavalwala *is a professor of anthropology at the University of Toronto, and the first Canadian to be elected president of The International Dermatoglyphics Association. He currently serves on the Ontario Advisory Council On Multiculturalism And Citizenship, on the board of The Urban Alliance On Race Relations. He is also the vice-president for WCRP-Canada, a UN non-governmental agency.*

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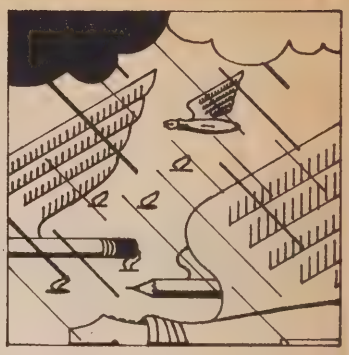
Poetry



ON A BLACK ENTERTAINER

Suppose a black man sings
Suppose he sings
standing in an arena
with thousands looking on
suppose he is afraid
surrounded by curious eyes
waiting for the red circle of his mouth
to crack
to let the sounds escape
suppose now
he moves back in time
a christian among the Romans
he stands
and the amber eyes of the lion
are one with the eyes of his audience
cold expectant leisurely
sure of the end
a magnificent sensual lion
basking in the sun
what must the black man do now?
But of course he must run
he must flee covering his tracks
spiriting away his black smell
he must charm this lion
lull it to sleep
conjuring up the grand vision of a lioness
at her mating time
agony fire ecstacy must pour out of him
he must bare his guts pull out the length
of his intestines
let the serpents crawl about him
emanating dreams and distractions
he must sing on and never stop
must never stop until he reaches cover
he must then sing to live
sing for a living and live only
if the song lasts long
and the magic moves.

Alone
black
in an arena
surrounded by curious eyes
to the music of whips
suppose a black man sings
and
suppose
he sings for you.

- Himani Bannerji

FACE IT, THERE'S AN ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT
HIDING IN YOUR HOUSE

HIDING IN YOU
TRYING TO GET OUT.

HOLD YOUR CHIN UP, THERE
IS A COCKROACH
STALKING THE WALLS

OF YOUR BRAIN
TRYING TO GET IN

ON YOUR AFFLUENT FANTASIES
AND FIFTY-CENT FEARS

(Businesses' men custom's officials dark glasses industrial aviation policemen illegal bachelorettes sweatshop keepers information canada ;
"You can't get their smell off the walls"

"THERE IS NEVER ONE COCKROACH"
THERE IS NEVER ONE YOU.

- Krisantha Sri Bhaggiyadatta

NEWS IN CANADA

Far away countries
And disasters
Are buried in
White snow.
Cold war rhetoric--
Black print on
White background
Stands out in a
Pallid winter sun.
Someone hears guns
But thinks it thunder
The Toronto Sun is
Rushed into press
While
Far away in Zimbabwe
A victory is won.

- Tinni Bannerji

IMPERIALISM'S CHILDREN: MY FAMILY

My family fears god, were immigrants
for technology
no scenes
of huddled masses injured sneaking
past a torch-bearing white figure
of stone, who insulted, "bring me your
crooks..."
we
were clerical christians, the brown-
almost-but-never bourgeoisie, created
by roving imperialists ("ve spoke
english you know") to shit on our own
(the natives seeing a brown arse
not a white one)
we
came in 747's to sink to the bottom
of the upheld mosaic: to push
mailcarts ("beaverbrook started this way

you know?") to become complacent clerks,
sexless secretaries, enjoy a charge-card
or three, send a couple of gilette blades
in a christmas card home and content
("ve are not niggers ve do have
straight hair") we must be
to reach--as they slap quotas on
the lengths of our fingernails--for
the vacated crumbs of those up the ladder
or to welfare
we labour
as whiter niggers boo, harass
applaud, the natives say it's
initiation "they did it
to the irish, the italian, the gay"
but we are better niggers
we take shit with a smile
and a colour t.v.
my family fears god, say god
directed them here
not unskilled labour requirements

my family are canadian now, the men
watch through beer the world and
hockey, repeat in all originality
"the poor want to be poor", return
to church, slip compartmentalised
consciences into collection boxes,

and if feeling good even give to
united sway
come home beat the wives beat the
children and the women
phone each other to complain of
the rising violence in toronto or
so were told on the multi-coloured
six o'clock news and "we gotta
keep voting liberal cos they're
the boys that brought us here"

this family says they love us
("we are not american it cannot
happen here")
but must we, them?

-Krisantha Sri Bhaggiyadatta

ADDICTION

lured
caught
then finally trapped
in a writers' rut
lost, the irrecoverable magic
my hand and head estranged
to separate dimensions
now only
erratic thoughts
flow down my veins
ruins
a semblance of a former pleasure
that turned to an addiction
in desperation
I search everywhere
I need a fix
I need a fix.

- Karen Uchida

THE SMILE - JUNE 22, 1980

Looking at the model
In the picture
I feel sad.
How many times
Did she have to pose
To get it just so?
How many times
Has the smile flashed
Upon her face
When her mind says
"To hell with them all"?
That smile.
That phony pepsodent smile
Is her protection,
Her fame
Her fortune
And therefore
She must flash it
On and off
Like a neon sign.
I can't look down
At the model in the picture
Instead -
I want to hug her
Pick up her shattered dreams
And gently,
Place that smile
On a shelf,
Where it belongs.

- Tinni Bannerji

θ→→→

Reviews

GALLERY EIGHTIES

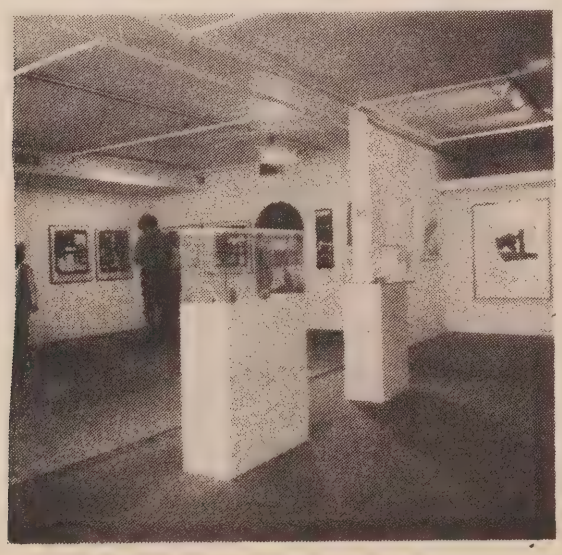
An event of singular importance to the Chinese community of Toronto, occurred on March 28 of this year: Gallery Eighties, under the direction of Yu Sai-kin and Helen Kan, opened its doors. For the first time contemporary Chinese painters, potters, printmakers, sculptors, and weavers have a common place in which to exhibit their works and to meet and exchange ideas. In addition to displaying their own works of art, young Canadian artists are given the extraordinary opportunity to experience, first hand, the abstract landscapes of such modern Chinese masters as Zao Wou-ki (born 1920), who has been living in Paris since 1948, the late Hong Kong-based artist Liu Shou-kwan (1919-1976), and Chuang Che, who founded in 1956 the 'Fifth Moon' group in Taipei. Also shown are the T'ang inspired sculptural ceramics of Mary Chuang who lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan, the bold woodcuts of calligraphy and seals by Tong King Sum and the relief prints of the bamboo sculptor Ha Bik-chuen, both major Hong Kong artists.

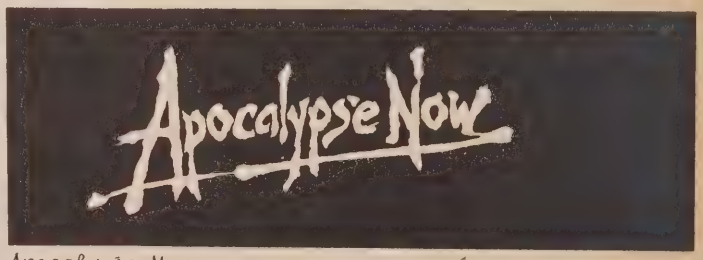
The works on display employ a wide variety of techniques and materials from traditional brush and ink on paper to acrylics and oils on canvas. What is most refreshing about these works is the unique interaction between Western pictorial and sculptural conceptions and artistic sensibilities which are ultimately rooted in Chinese culture. This is, perhaps, where these works derive their essential vitality and acquire their larger significance; for they reflect the lived experience of the Chinese artist trying to define his or her artistic, as well as social position within the greater multicultural environment. What activates the art on exhibit at Gallery Eighties is a tension, imminent within their forms, generated by concepts of visual order and imagery which are seemingly antithetical, and yet, call for their resolution. One cannot help but view these statements as visual metaphors, making indirect reference to the contemporary conditions of Chinese life.

Rather than falling back on anachronistic modes of artistic expression, these artists have sought contemporary means through which to give form to their perceptions of life in the modern world. Still, there is an attitude toward the handling of material and the organization of space that is quintessentially Chinese. In the best of these works there is a sense of liberation, born of the struggle to overcome limited perspectives, which addresses itself to both Chinese and non-Chinese alike. For these reasons, Gallery Eighties and the artists they represent deserve the attention and support of the Chinese community in particular and the wider artistic community in general.

Gallery Eighties is located at 1280 Bay Street, Yorkville Commons, Toronto M5R 3L1 (tel. 968-0442).

Steve Goldberg





Apocalypse Now

> "We were cut off from the comprehension of our surroundings, we glided past like phantoms, wondering and secretly appalled, as sane men would be before an enthusiastic outbreak in a madhouse. We could not understand because we were too far and could not remember, because we were travelling in the night of the first ages, of those ages that are gone..."
>
> – *Heart of Darkness*

Apocalypse Now can be seen as an attempt to translate Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* to celluloid using Vietnam as a vehicle, or as rendering of the Vietnam war using *Heart of Darkness*.

Heart of Darkness traces a river voyage into the central African rainforest. The protagonist, Marlow, retrieves a station chief of a European trading company. The increasingly autonomous ways of the chief are feared as signs of possible "unfair competition" in the ivory plunder. In *Apocalypse Now*, Willard, an American officer with a record in the secret service is dispatched upriver across the Vietnamese border into Cambodia. His mission is to "terminate" the command of a renegade captain Kurtz who constitutes a possible third force. Apart from the shift in setting the sequence of events in the film follows the book.

Conrad's fantasy of a man becoming King among savages is understandable in what was then the period of high colonization. As a merchant sailor he would see the unfamiliar, and for him, hostile jungle as an expression of primeval darkness in humanity. He was an agent of conquest in an unwilling land. The atmosphere of the novel is very much of the turn of the century.

By the late 1970s the sun has long set on the old colonial empires. It's no longer fashionable, or profitable to portray Africans as cannibals. America is the high imperial power and it is profitable to make movies about the Vietnam war.

If Coppola's main interest is to interpret *Heart of Darkness* for a contemporary audience his setting is badly chosen. The Vietnam war is too important to act as a background to any story. It jumps forward and throws the intended subject out of kilter. From two-thirds into the film when we leave the war behind and enter Kurtz territory (Cambodia), the film is truest to its source. But by this time I am less interested in the plot than in the setting, the war. The novel's climax of the Kurtz encounter among thunderous drums and severed heads is absurd when spliced onto a film that seems to be about Vietnam. More so because Coppola interprets this sequence with scores of Filipino stand-ins (I wonder how much they were paid), hanging from Disney World copies of Angkor Wat, centred around an overweight Brando reading Eliot's "Wasteland". Willard stabs Brando (Kurtz) as a waterbuffalo is being sacrificed. The effect is spectacularly foolish and not a little offensive.

If Coppola intended to explain the War through *Heart of Darkness*, his project is way off the mark. The novel is about madness. Seeing the Vietnam war as insanity is glib but totally false. War might induce madness but is itself the result of extreme calculation and sober assessment of interests, gains and risks. At the heart of the Vietnam war was the American government's attempt to bolster France's colonial rule, and then its own puppet regime in the face of popular resistance. To understand this aggressive imperialism we must examine the political and economic process of the United States. We must look not at the acts of individual soldiers in Vietnam but at the decision makers in Washington. Of course a seventeen year old boy when scared and away from home will shoot at anything that moves. In *Apocalypse Now* we never see the people who put him there.

As for the Vietnamese or Cambodians, they are never shown as more than Asian hordes. There are almost no close-ups of them and they have no speaking parts. They are only the props in this movie--objects, never subjects. Like *Coming Home* and *The Deer Hunter*, *Apocalypse Now* is concerned only with American guilt, casualties, gains, and now madness. Kurtz ascribes the success of the NLF to some mysterious, ruthless willpower. His story of their chopping the arms off little children does little to elucidate NLF policies, much to exonerate the American occupation.

This film is chauvinistic even in the way it was shot. At one point a soldier water-skis behind Willard's launch. He is oblivious to the women whose wash he upsets or the peasants whose raft he

has overturned. I thought this scene captured well the American attitude in the Third World. Both times I saw it the audience laughed. Now this was shot from the river looking at the peasants around the shore. Had the entire movie been shot from the banks monitoring the passing boat this scene might not be so ambiguous. Once in *Apocalypse Now* the camera is not an American eye. Before the riverside hamlet is bombed we see the children carefully hurried to shelter, the farmers quitting their vegetables to man the guns. No one laughed here.

Looking at *Apocalypse Now* is like trying to construct a jigsaw puzzle with three different sets of pieces. Granted, Coppola got the best that $31 million could buy: the sound is opulent and every frame a poster, but beneath this glittering surface lies a very murky film.

Richard Fung

Racism and National Consciousness *by Frederick Ivor Case (Toronto : Plowshare Press, 1977.)*

Fred Case promises to have the ideas and the vision to give us new insight into the tangled web of race, class, prejudice and power that bind together the "Canadian mosaic". Unfortunately *Racism and National Consciousness* is a dissapointment.

First, it is somewhat misleading to call it a book. What we have are a series of lectures given over a three year period from 1975 to 1978--the tumultous three years that opened with the "Green Paper" debate and closed with the final amendments to the immigration laws. Case's lectures are a powerful reminder of the rich response to the state's attempt to manipulate the immigration issue. If the government succeeded in using the debate to justify its even harsher laws against immigrants it also awakened many immigrants and Canadians of all origins to a recognition of the racist structures of power in this country.

Case's lectures do have power and insight and anger. The historical references are indispensable for anyone wanting to get a grip on the birth of racist culture in European imperialism or of its development within the growth of the institutions of Canadian capitalism. The lectures are pithy, provocative and polemical--designed to raise questions and discussion and certainly the hackles of the complacent who whould like to think of Canadian racism as something to be covered over or politely ignored like some sort of wart on the face of the body politic.

For Case, racism is essential to Canada's social fabric and fundamental to the functioning of Canadian society. It is no surface blemish, but rather a deformation of society's very skeleton. He is at his best when he talks about education and its impact on the self-image of immigrant children from kindergarden to university. He is at his most scholarly in the piece on colonialism and race in French Canadian literature.

The problem with this work is that it doesn't live up to the expectations it provoles. The theme or the analysis is never really worked out. Each lecture has its own introduction, development and climax. There is a great deal of repetition. We are left shocked, disgusted and enraged by the information, on the brink of an analysis of the racist underpinnings of Canadian capitalism and the connections between our class structure, economics and racist culture. But the analysis never quite comes together.

In the concluding piece, the collapse of capitalism is treatened with reference to Karl Marx and the Club of Rome. "Fiscal blackmail, economic manipulation, the RCMP and the armed forces are the means by which national unity is presently maintained. Before the whole nation is ripped apart by frustration and anger gathering community after community in this violent dance of destruction it is yet perhaps not too late to begin to change in the name of humanity".

Yet in the absence of an analysis of what fundamentally needs to be changed "it is not yet too late" sounds pathetically Pitmanesque. The few suggestions that are offered seem speculative rather than fundamental. As Case himself points out, they resemble "the theories of nineteenth century anarchism." Talk of "smaller homogeneous socio-cultural units" where "The individual would, one hopes, no longer be far removed from the decision making processes", seem wildly unreal in the age of multinational corporations, economic crises and super power rivalry.

Nonetheless this is a book everyone concerned with racism should read and use as reference. We should also demand that Mr. Case sit down and flesh out his thoughts and insights to give us a clearer vision of the future it is now so necessary for us to begin to construct.

Tim McCaskell

Novena to St. Jude Thaddeus *by Lakshmi Gill (Fredericton: Fiddlehead Press, 1979. 102 pp)*

Novena to St. Jude Thaddeus is Lakshmi Gill's most recently published poetry collection, her first since 1972 and *First Clearning*. Gill's desire to move away from a romantic style toward a more celebral one is most evident in this volume. It is her belief that romatic poetry should be left to the young developing poets, those who still must search for themselves among their outpour of passionate words. As she says wittily in a poem about a lover from *First Clearning* (1972): "When you're a young poet/ you go for the sexy parts/ but when you get old/ ...there's something to be said about the/ abandoned pants -/ how they lie there/ empty/ ... getting chilled from the draft". As troubled as this time of her life may have been, she has found a more honed style with which to express her frustrations. Thus the writing is, on the whole, clean and trimmed of baby fat. The spirit of writing is fluid and full without being slick.

Out of this surer self however, emerges the odd literary discussion in the form of a poem, which is, for this reader at least, like a private joke, pleasing but not a fully meaningful arrangement of words. "Released by Artaud, May You Rave Forever" is such a poem. It tells us that Artaud himself is the author of some indulgent poetry, but for those readers not familiar with his work, all 'raving' is lost. Similarly with "After Reading LK", it is predicted that most readers will not be nodding knowingly by the end of this rambling play with words. Such indulgence is no stranger to the poet's later collections of this length, however.

Gill makes full use of literary tools. Con-

crete poems are successful and not silly. There are fun "white dominicans (who) walk like pelicans/ their mouths full of pecans" to be had. With any literary device, one must ensure that it is skillfully employed and not just employed. Repetition is one of the trickiest to use advantageously. In "Points of Reference", perhaps another device would have made the poem, instead of the words 'far' and 'farther' used 9 and 11 times respectively in the space of 17 lines. It is felt that poems like this and "Lament" could well have been omitted from the book and a leaner collection made, although this too is a common criticism of a book of this length (86 poems). "Lament" was never meant to be a weighty poem, but its frail use of rhyme - "what does it mean/ not to have been?" - gives Gill's query on her own imagined abortion and subsequent not-existence a lighter air than such a serious subject would seem to warrant.

Except for the group of poems under the heading Paracelsus (last section), the "Alexander Poems", "Papa's Statement", "My Moonbath" and "Pierre Trudeau and the Drowning Bird" are the best products of the marriage of Gill's old and new styles. This volume contains the third and so far the most complete and balanced version of the Alexander Poems. Out of each of the poems emerges a deftly sculpted spirit.

Topic-wise, Gill arranges her poems under the nine days of her Novena to this the patron saint of desperate causes. At first glance it seems that the book is overrun with desperate causes, but closer examination reveals that they are interspersed with light witty verse, proud maternal proclamations about her children and a group of explorations into the world of dimensions (Paracelsus). Still she manages to find enough desperation to give much of the book fatalistic overtones. The second day brings a curious melange of poems of imprisonment, death and events in the lives of her children. One gets the feeling that the latter is what allows her to retain her sanity through the stagnation and frustration she feels in Sackville, new Brunswick. The verses about her children are direct, juvenile statement about their daily activities, and express her gratitude for their company and for the distraction they provide from her imprisonment. Like Marian in Margaret Atwood's *Edible Woman*, Gill writes that she sees herself being consumed, presumably in this case by intellectual impoverishment.

Her obsessive feeling of condemnation is most succinct in "Sackville, 1974": "My life here rolls by easily/ like a tumbril grating on the rocks ..." The guillotine, one feels, might already have fallen, for like the tumbril which calmly conveys the sentenced to their end, she displays a detached acceptance of her suffocating Sackville existence. However, the condemnation is not without struggle, as in "Earth, Water, Air and Fire": "You will want/ to break the walls/ like flushing sewage/ water bursting down the cesspool."

There are a few light experiments with contrasts in the "Fifth Day", and as with most things, that which comes of its own accord is more natural than what is measured or calculated. Some of each may be found here.

The poems of the "Sixth Day" are not recommended for immigrants to Canada. They are poor advertisements for this country's winters, for one, which were most probably made less tolerable for Gill by her relative isolation in Eastern Canada. Neither has Milton Acorn impressed her favourably - a "wisp of hair/ falling onto (his)... brutish eye" ("Light, Not Fire"). She feels an outsider in this land about which have been painted false pictures of "cotton candy" and "merry-go-rounds" ("Letter to a Prospective Immigrant"). The poems in this section should strike to the hearts of native Canadians. They are barbed arrows whose paths are embarassingly true. It is not so much the digs about our "perverse devil" of winter ("Coming out of Canadian Winter"), but those that pertain to our blinkered vision of happiness in $ and ¢, our relative lack of family and community sense and our disregard for the spirit. "Letter to a Prospective Immigrant" says sadly:

> Of your soul, beware. They deal with
> devilcommerce/ profit in the ruthless
> ascent of defenses,/ seal themselves in
> brass towers.../ Friends scattered all
> over the forest,/ bushed like the poet said./
>
> ...There is no joy. Just a long, dull ache/
> ice hot (not even pain) of want.

We never see ourselves as clearly as others.

The last section, entitled "Paracelsus" contains works which play with temporal and physical dimension. Each one requires our minds to be quick as hands, as in "Space is bathed in light/ beyond it, darkness./ Roll back the light/ see the darkness." and "This has to be brief/ like an Einstein equation/...like a creation." ("This Has To Be Brief").

This section of short, concise poems is a good ending to the book. It leaves the reader feeling intelligent, if also a little sad. It is hoped that Gill's next publication will follow stylistically in the footsteps of this one, but leave us with a generally more hopeful and happy sentiment about ourselves and the word we have created.

- Carol Matsui

ASIANADIAN SPEAKERS' FORUM

WELCOMES INQUIRIES FROM ETHNIC GROUPS, COMMUNITY CENTRES, EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS, AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN HAVING RESOURCE PERSONS SPEAK ON THE ASIAN EXPERIENCE IN CANADA. CALL 921-5856 or 961-3781

TELL US YOUR NEEDS. CONTACT THE WORKSHOP.

Community News

YOUTH FORUM "80

On March 29, roughly 100 young people attended a public meeting entitled "Youth in the 80's" sponsored by the Council of Chinese Canadians in Ontario (CCCO). It was held in the Central Technical High School in Toronto. The objective was to provide an opportunity for youths of Chinese descent in Ontario to share their concerns and to discuss various social issues.

Due to bad weather, the forum started off a little late, but it went on smoothly. Most of the people attending were of high school and university levels; the rest were adults mainly in educational and social service fields.

Nine sessions were arranged : "The hurdles of growing up", "The Canadian born Chinese and the immigrants", "Education","Interpersonal relationships" "Till marriage do we part", "Is there a Chinese Canadian identity?", "Expectations of youth", "Multiculturalism : Does it work ?", and "Perceptions of morality:. All these sessions were attended by 10 to 15 persons, and the smallness of the groups made discussions lively and sincere.

Three sessions stood out to be the most interesting: "Till Marriage Do We Part" discussed the issues of interracial dating and marriage. There seems to be a consensus that interracial marriages are rewarding and fun depending on the individuals involved.

"The Canadian born Chinese and the immigrants" examined the conflicts between the indigenous Chinese Canadians and Chinese immigrants. Most of the panelists and participants believed that the conflicts are based on misunderstandings and it was suggested that more activities should be organized to mix these two groups of Chinese together.

"Multiculturalism : Does it work ?" took the format of a debate with two speakers on one side. The arguments between the "pro" and "con" sides were quite heated. The "pro" team talked of the inevitability of multiculturalism and its function in creating national unity. The "con" team argued that multiculturalism means ghettoization for many ethnic groups (mosaic ?), it is hypocritical to carry out in a bilingual framework, and has missed the key concerns of ethnic immigrants.

Though organizers were somewhat disappointed in the attendance, participants found the forum interesting and rewarding.

JAPANESE FARMERS VS. NARITA AIRPORT

The Japanese farmers in Sanrizuka view the construction of the new Narita International Airport as an infringement on their rights to a living, for it involves the destruction of their land.

To show solidarity with these farmers and those involved in this 13 year struggle, the Asianadian Resource Workshop and the Graduate Sociology Student Association (University of Toronto) co-sponsored an evening at the International Students' Centre on May 24th. It featured a slide-tape show entitled "Sanrizuka: The Farmers' Struggle for Life" and some songs. This presentation conveyed the moving story of how the farmers dealt with the authority of Japan, their consciousness and determination. Roughly 40 people attended the meeting and refreshments were provided.

COMBATTING RACISM IN THE SCHOOLS

If there is a place where people get together and learn from each other's experience in community development in a friendly and relaxing atmosphere, the National Workshop to Combat Discrimination in the Schools held at a resort area in Lac Simon, Quebec (June 8-12) was the place.

The workshop was organized by the Educational Resources Cooperative (Montreal), and representatives from more than 22 organizations were present. They were mainly ethnic minority organizations--the Asianadian Resource Workshop, the National Black Coalition of Canada, Regina Native Women's Group, the Afro-Quebec Multicultural Centre, and so forth. The participants learnt about what other groups have been doing in fighting against discrimination on the first day. In the following two days, three small teams were set up to discuss thoroughly these issues: creating and implementing materials to combat racism, alternative structures to combat racism, and organizaing/animating tactics to combat racism. The workshop ended with the expectation that a smaller conference will be held sometime in the futre to evaluate the participants' progress.

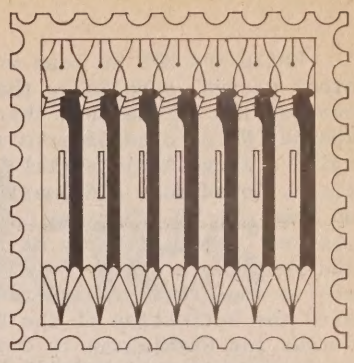
AN EVENING AT THE TROJAN HORSE

On July 7th plawright Arun Mukherji and his Chetana group joined local poets for an evening of political Indian music and poetry. Taking a break from their North American tour, the Calcutta based group performed Mukherji's reworded Bengali folk songs, plus translations of Brecht and Paul Robeson pieces.

Poets Lillian Allen, Himani Bannerji and Krisantha Sri Bhaggiyadatta read their own poetry which focused on immigrant life in Canada and conditions in their countries of birth: respectively, Jamaica, India and Sri Lanka.

The evening which was held at Toronto's Trojan Horse Coffee House brought together about one hundred and fifty people. The songs and poetry were both very well received and "Meri Baba", a satire on American aid, was performed twice at the request of the audience.

Letters



Dear Editor,

A major problem with T.T. Mao's article "Asianadia and the Anglo left" which appeared in the winter 1979/80 edition of the Asianadian, is its lack of a coherent theory of racism. Although Mao initially places racism in the context of Canadian economic and political structures and uses a class analysis, ultimately he comes to the conclusion that skin colour is the major dividing force. He sees divisions along colour lines as transcending all other factors as class, sex, political or sexual orientation. Mao states: "Skin colour--nothing more! This is what divides. In Canada, it is colour, not the intellect or status that defines life". This conclusion leads him to discard the possibility of alliances with the white working class, feminists, gays and Canadian left groups. He adopts an essentially isolationist policy and argues "if support is to come, it must come from within". Although no one would deny the need for am autonomous, self directed movement of Asians to fight against the racism they experience, unity among all oppressed groups would appear to be crucial.

Mao's view of racism as transcending all other factors and as an "emotional facet" rather than "a rational element" leaves one wondering what the roots of racism are and what forms the struggle against it should take. Mao's use of biomedical terms to describe what is essentially a social phenomenon, further clouds our understanding of racism. He refers to it as a "disease" and as a "deadly virus". But racism is not instinctual hatred by whites of "coloured" groups, nor is it a "disease" that can be prevented through medical techniques such as innoculation. It is a social problem which has social, political and ecomomic roots and it is to these areas that an analysis of racism must address itself.

Stephanie Holbik
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Editor:

No thank you--I do not wish to renew my subscription to *The Asianadian*. I feel that your magazine should be careful that it does not become a vehicle for perpetuating its own brand of racism.

When it comes to issues of righteousness, think of this: "...virtually every violent aspect of man's inhumanity to man that you can think of has frequently resulted from people's grandiosely and unhelpfully blaming others whose actions they (perhaps rightfully) think are wrong. And, just as two wrongs do not make a right, ANGER against them probably constitutes the WORST way of trying to correct wrongdoers".

- L.A. Burns

.....

Dear Editor:

The article "Filipinos in Quebec" by E. Ordonez and E. Sayo had some good points in regards to poverty in Manila and the Philippines as well as the activities of the Marcos Embassy in Ottawa. While their article tried to give some insights into the Pilipino anti-martial law movement and its programme, I found that there were certain errors and lack of clarification on some aspects. I would like to go into some of these problems.

Both writers referred to the movement as "three known groups" which for some reason they neglected to name. Two of the groups were supposed to be supporters of the National Democratic (ND) programme while the third was more defensive in nature "devoted to the restoration of civil liberties in the Philippines." While I would agree that there are "three known groups", I would disagree that two of them favoured the political and ND programme.

The group that supports the ND programme is the Anti-Martial Law Coalition (AMLC) which is an umbrella group for supporters of the ND program as organizational differences are really a hairline technicality. The other two groups are the Movement for a Free Philippines (MFP) led by former Senator Raul Manglapus and the Friends of the Filipino People (FFP) led by Charito Planas and Daniel B. Schirmer. Both of these groups would be in the defensive category with the MFP being more politically oriented. The MFP tends to be right of centre with a liberal reformist or conservative social democratic or social democratic approach. The FFP is left of centre and could be described as radical social democratic or socialist in nature.

While the MFP is less willing to co-operate with other groups, especially the AMLC, both the MFP and more so the FFP believe that a political programme, whether ND or otherwise is not the best method to build a large Anti-Martial Law movement among Filipinos, Canadians, and Americans. This is especially so when the ND programme is also the programme of the new Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP) and the New People's Army (NPA) whose strengths and exploits are grossly exaggerated by the AMLC. Coupled with the activities of the Philippine Embassies in Ottawa and Washington to discourage people from participating in Anti-Martial Law actions, the ND programme makes it even more difficult to mobilize people because of these unnecessary implications of a political nature. While the MFP has no political position either pro or con in regards to the ND programme, they do not see such a programme as very useful in building the defense movement.

Instead the FFP's defense programme could be summarized as : an end to Martial Law: restoration of civil liberties, an end to Canada's and the United States' continued support of the Marcos regime, and self-determination for Filipinos. They believe that to demand the ND programme be the prerequisite to participation in the movement only plays into the hands of Marcos.

While my criticisms are basically tactically oriented, I also have some secondary historical and theoretical objections to the ND programme. The ND programme's call for a coalition government led Filipino radical nationalists into supporting Marcos in 1965 when he first ran for the presidency. The ND program is susceptible to phoney nationalist rhetoric because it believes (without any evidence) that the Filipino national business class is divided: bureaucrat capitalists (bad bosses opposed to land reform) and progressive nationalist bourgeoisie (good bosses supporting land reform). While this picture blurs class lines, it also neglects that the national business class is linked both directly and indirectly politically and economically with the landlord class. Most businessmen are also landlords or married to the landlord's daughter.

In many ways, Martial Law in 1972 was final proof (which, sad to say, some people can't see) of the inadequacies and failure of the political aspects of the ND programme as the Filipino business class as a whole preferred the "New Society" to any thought of serious land reform. In light of these failures of the political aspects of the ND programme, I feel that it is quite obvious that only a socialist government of workers and farmers can accomplish the economic goals called for in the ND programme.

Finally while arguments either pro or con as to the ND programme are interesting to many Filipinos and Canadians, they are quite tertiary at the very best to the organization of an open, non-sectarian, and large Filipino Anti-Martial Law movement in North America. This is what the Marcos Embassy in Ottawa dreads the very thought of. Hopefully, some elements and groups will cease baiting themselves and get on with this very important work.

John R. Glenn

cont'd from page 5

thentic Lofawn dishes, but more for the tourists. Said Joe, "at home, we eat nothing but meat and potatoes, that's why we Lofawn are so di-jek, and also why we all look alike, same diet." Come to think of it, when was the last time you ever saw a si-nup Lofawn who didn't look alike?

Within the last couple of decades however, Lofawntown has not been the peaceful, tight-knit community it once was. Wretched, long-haired beggars dressed in rags and brandishing stilettos, freely roam the streets and panhandle passersby.

The crime rate has soared alarmingly, with robberies and muggings becoming daily occurences. Drug trafficking has run rampant, especially among the youth, where physical addiction to hard-core, pornographic drugs such as marijuana, hashish, and LSD has become the accepted social norm.

To find out more about the problem we talked to special, secret service agent, Chuck "the man" Chan, behind the scenes, special, secret service liaison to Lofawntown, who speaks five dialects of Lofawn fluently, and who is currently working on a sixth.

Said Chan, "When I was a kid, you could safely walk down Hastings Street and see P.N.E. parades. But now, all you see are perverts, pimps and prostitutes. I think the problem can be partly attributed to the nervous breakdown of the traditional Lofawn family structure. The parents used to control their kids, but now they're running wild, tearing around in hot rods, and smoking pot. The kids, that is. Family associations such as the Captain Vancouver Club and the Independent Order of Foresters have lost effective control over the community. Organized big-time crime syndicates such as the Mafia, the F.L.Q., and the I.R.A. are moving in and taking over. Gastown used to be a nice place to go slumming, but all you have there now are long-haired, hippy weirdos cohabiting in marijuana dens. One expects to find either Charlie Manson or Lamont Cranston lurking in the shadow of Gasoline Alley.

"It's hard for the authorities to work with these people because they've been conditioned to thousands of years of warfare and political strife. Just read their history books. It's just natural that they've developed a distinct mistrust for authority.

"However", Chan added, "it's not entirely fair to characterize the Lofawn as a race of inveterate criminals. The great majority of them are honest, hard-working, staunch upright, solid, law-abiding citizens. Hell, we have a Lofawn family in our neighbourhood, who lives down the street. They're some of the nicest people you'd ever meet anywhere. I think they're really a beautiful race of people.

"Lofawntown is a cultural centre and must be preserved, not only as an integral part of the All-Canadian, Vertical Mosaic but also for the benefit of future tourists."

A tortoise and a hare once had a race. The tortoise eventually won, proving again that one should never underestimate another's race.

Sean Gunn *was born in Vernon, B.C. and is a fourth generation Chinese Canadian poet, Fender bassist, and Chinatown political activist. Recently he co-edited the Chinese and Japanese Canadian anthology* --The Inalienable Rice.

Beyond the
Fortune Cookies

Highlights

Historical Materials Exhibition
Art Exhibition
Audio-Visual Presentation
Fashion Show
Workshops
Cultural Performance
Food Services

Place

York Quay Centre, Harbourfront

Date

September 5, 6, 7, 1980

Sponsorship

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